THE

PATRIOT MUSE,

OR

POEMS

ON SOME OF THE

PRINCIPAL EVENTS

OF

THE LATE WAR;

To which is added,

A POEM on the PEACE.

Finis coronat opus.

By an AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

LONDON,

Printed for JOHN BIRD, in [illegible],

M,DCC,LXIV.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Poems are ſelected from a number of occaſional pieces, which perhaps are the only ones that from their intereſting nature can merit the public attention, and which, but for an hurry of other buſineſs, had been publiſhed above a year ago.

Some of them may perhaps ſeem a little foreign to the Title Page; but, if properly conſidered, it is hoped there are none of them, but what may appear in ſome ſhape to coincide with the general deſign.

The Latin tranſlations, of The Fall of Goliah *and* David's Elegy, *obtained a place, the* firſt, *by the reſemblance the young* Hebrew's *victory over the gigantic* Philiſtine

bears, as it were in miniature, to the ſurpriſing ſucceſſes of the Britiſh *arms, commencing in a ſeaſon of general conſternation, after a ſeries of misfortunes, and the* laſt, *by the ſad analogy there is between the fate of* Saul *and* Jonathan, *and that of* WOLFE, HOWE, TOWNSHEND, PRIDEAUX, *and ſeveral other* Britiſh *heroes; in which, though there be not an exact conformity in every circumſtance, the author hopes for the reader's excuſe, as in this imitation he copied as exactly as poſſible the* Hebrew *original.*

He begs pardon for the Acroſtic, *as being indeed a piece of falſe wit, though dignified by the ſubject: and has only this to plead by way of apology, that it is almoſt the only one he ever wrote.*

The Lamentation of Louis XV. *was written originally in* French, *and tranſlated into* Engliſh *at the deſire of ſome of his friends; yet, as he is ſenſible a* French *poem written by an* Engliſhman *will need many favourable allowances, he would not have ventured it abroad in* that language, *had he not foreſeen it would loſe a good deal of it's propriety in* any other.

The

The Ode on the Conqueſt of the Havannah *is incomplete; it was written thus far immediately after the news of that glorious event; but through hurry of buſineſs was laid aſide, till, for reaſons obvious enough, it would have been as diſagreeable as unſeaſonable to have finiſhed it.*

The piece on the Liberty of the Preſs *was written above two years ago, though it may perhaps be ſeaſonable enough now, from which however the author flatters himſelf it will appear that he is no friend to unbounded licenſe. In this, as in every thing elſe, he is an advocate for the* golden mean; *for as on the* one hand *he abhors any inſult on majeſty, perſonal or national reflexions, and ſtigmatiſing* perſons *in public character without real neceſſity, yet on the* other *he firmly believes the preſs ought to be* free *to laſh public* Crimes, *as it is one of the principal vehicles by which groans of miſery can reach the royal ear, and, under certain circumſtances, the grand bulwark of the liberties of the people.*

From the general tenor of the whole, though ſtationed in private life, he hopes to appear at once a loyal ſubject *and an* humble patriot; *neither a* whig *nor a* tory; *but one who holds equally dear the* prerogatives *of the* king, *and the* privileges *of the* ſubject.

THE PATRIOT MUSE.

ON

General *BRADDOCK's* DEFEAT,

A. D. MDCCLV.

EREWHILE from *Eaſtern* ſhores well-pleas'd we heard
Fame's ſilver trumpet ſound; th' harmonious blaſt
Rung through the land, and ſpread a gen'ral joy.
Joyful the news and welcome to our ears!
That foes perfidious periſh'd in their crimes,
Or left poſſeſſions by incroachment gain'd,
Vanquiſh'd by heav'n, and our victorious arms;
That foes *diſguis'd*, were forc'd to drop the maſk,
And ſtand confeſs'd, all fiend-like as they are,
Like *Satan* once, touch'd by ITHURIEL's ſpear.
That *Nova-Scotia* now no longer groans
Beneath th' uſurping tyrant; but, once more
Reduc'd, acknowledges her *rightful* lord,
Diſdains proud *Louis*, and ſubmits to *GEORGE*.

But oh! the ſtrange viciſſitude of things!
How ſoon the ſcene is chang'd! black low'ring clouds
Riſe in the *Weſt*, and frown upon the land;
Hoarſe thunders bellow, ſhake the continent,
And make our cities tremble, while they ſound
Through all our provinces our foul defeat;
In awful language tell, how *Gallic fraud*
Prevail'd o'er *Engliſh valour*; how the *ſlaves*
Of *Louis*, mix'd with barb'rous *ſavages*,
With *Britiſh* chiefs and *free-born* ſoldiers ſtrow'd
Monongahela's banks? Muſt *villains* thus
Succeed in their iniquitous deſigns,
And inſolently triumph o'er the *juſt*?
Deceitful *treaty-breakers* thus elude
The vengeance due to violated faith!
Thus unchaſtis'd eſcape, and ſee the ſword
Of *juſtice* fall, thus blunted, to the ground.
Muſt bold *uſurpers* leap the bounds preſcrib'd,
Unjuſtly ſeize dominions not their own,
And hold them uncontroul'd? Muſt they yet live,
And proſper in their villainous attempts,
While *honeſt* men die in their own defence?
Muſt BRADDOCK, HALKETT, SHIRLEY, and a train
Of heroes brave, in long ſucceſſion, fall
Victims to the ambitious aims of *France*,
And ſcarce one *hoſtile villain* bite the ground?
Lamented ſhades! Ye for your country bled,
Your country *bleeds* for you; your dying groans
Yet live, and ev'ry ſympathizing breaſt
Re-ecchoes groan for groan; each thankful tongue
Tells how you nobly dy'd, to ſave your country:
In *ſuch a cauſe* who wou'dn't wiſh to die?
But, oh! *to die by cruel* ſavages,
A ſacrifice to Gallic *perfidy!*
While ſcarce a wretch of all the hoſtile band
Fell in his turn, and paid his worthleſs life,
A trifling recompence, for one of thoſe

Himſel

Himself deſtroy'd! — how cutting is the thought!
Alas, how baſely are the mighty fall'n!
O! tell it not in *France*, nor let *Quebec*,
Montreal, or *Ohio*, know our ſhame; —
But, ah! how vain the caution! now, e'en now,
While here each gen'rous boſom heaves with ſighs,
Each pitying eye lets fall an honeſt tear,
And each true heart bleeds for our country's woes;
There our victorious foes exulting tell,
How *Britons* loſt, and *Indians* won the day;
Triumphant ſhow the trophies of the conqueſt,
Loud ſing *Te deum* to their idol-gods,
And think (blaſphemous!) heav'n propitious ſmiles,
Injuſtice favours and approves their crimes.
But hold — no more complain; — the pow'r ſupreme,
In juſt diſpleaſure, thus ſucceeds our foes,
Not to *indulge* their crimes, but *puniſh* ours:
To caſtigate our confidence and pride,
Who vainly hop'd to drive victorious on,
Without the preſence of the LORD OF HOSTS.

Bow then, *Americans*, before his throne!
Bow! and, with humble proſtrate ſouls, adore
The hand which ſtrikes the blow; deſtroy the *Achan*,
Th' accurſed thing that enervates our troops,
And renders thus *Omnipotence* our foe.

SHIRLEY and JOHNSON, our ſurviving hope!
Our hearts on heav'n, our eyes are fix'd on you;
But, oh! we fear (great as your talents are,
Great as the patriot zeal that fires your breaſts)
Leſt heav'n offended blaſt our hopes again,
And tumble all our wiſhes to the duſt:
Oh! in the name of GOD diſplay your banners,
Draw *in his name* your ſwords, and ſtrike the blow,
With eyes intent on heav'n; go on and proſper!
The Lord be with you, mighty men of valour!

ON THE SURRENDER OF FORT WILLIAM-HENRY,

A. D. MDCC LVII.

WHAT awful ſound is this comes iſſuing forth
From the wild borders of the gloomy *North*?
In diſtant murmurs now it ſtrikes my ears,
(Portentous murmurs!) and awakes my fears;
Now nearer rolls, and, laden with deſpair,
The ſound tremendous burſts along the air;
Hark! how it roars along the trembling coaſt!
By Gallic *wiles are all our counſels croſt*;
France *is victorious*, William-Henry's *loſt*.

FORBID it, heav'n! nor let a faithleſs foe,
T' our ſinking country, give ſo dire a blow! —
But fruitleſs is the pray'r — 'tis ſo, indeed;
France has but done what heav'n before decreed;
Whilſt we lament, exulting *Frenchmen* boaſt,
Montcalm's victorious, *William-Henry*'s loſt!

AH me! where am I? whither ſhall I go,
For conſolation in this ſcene of woe?
Far my thoughts begone, each ſmiling art *;
Your flow'ry joys can no relief impart,
While my dear country's woes lie heavy on my heart.
Come, let me count her various ſorrows o'er,
Regret her loſſes, and her wounds deplore;
I'll mourn the hapleſs fortune of the brave,
At leaſt I pity, though I cannot ſave.

* The author was at *Naſſau-hall* when the news of the ſurrender of Fort *William-Henry* arrived.

E'en

E'ER ſince theſe regions heard war's dire alarms,
France has prevail'd, in ſpite of *Britiſh* arms;
Still has the ſtorm, which firſt the ſkies o'erſpread,
O'er all the land it's diſmal horrors ſhed,
All black, and threat'ning, awful to the ſight,
With ſcarce one welcome interval of light;
Or from the ſkies, if ſome propitious ray
Broke through the clouds, to chear the gloomy day,
The tranſient comfort but preſag'd our doom,
So ſoon extinguiſh'd by a deeper gloom.

SCARCE has the ſun thrice roll'd the ſeaſons round,
Since hapleſs BRADDOCK fell on *Britiſh* ground;
Since fair *Monongahela*'s ſilver flood,
Reluctant redd'ning with heroic blood,
Bluſh'd to behold th' unfortunate campaign,
While th' adverſe bank groan'd with the heaps of ſlain,
Then ſavage bands, inſpir'd by *France* and hell,
More barb'rous than the brutes with whom they dwell,
Ruſh'd from the deſart, plunder'd all they found,
And ſcatter'd death and deſolation round;
Butcher'd whole fam'lies with delib'rate rage,
Nor ſpar'd the ſofter ſex or tender age;
Strew'd human *bones* where golden *harveſts* ſtood,
And fields of *plenty* turn'd to fields of *blood*.

NOR can the muſe, without the keeneſt pain,
Recount the loſſes of the laſt campaign,
Which ſaw our foes victorious all around,
And chief *Oſwego* levell'd with the ground;
The gallant SCHUYLER too, a captive led,
Forc'd to *ſurrender*, when he ſcorn'd to *dread*;
Faithful as bold, and generous as brave,
Indignant pitying, when he might not ſave.
Plenty immenſe, and magazines of war,
At vaſt expence, tranſported from afar,

Fall

Fall into hoſtile hands (too eaſy prey!)
Ignobly loſt, and proudly borne away;
Deſtin'd perhaps, (ſo fatal is the blow!)
T' *annoy* our country, and *defend* the foe;
While the *confed'rate tribes*, affrighted, ſhore
With *hoſtile flames* heard *Britiſh thunder* roar;
On *Britiſh poops* ſaw *Gallic enſigns* dance,
And all *Ontario* own the pow'r of *France*.

Nor be *Minorca*'s cruel fate ſuppreſs'd,
Where fought brave BLAKENEY, gloriouſly diſtreſs'd;
True to his country, zealous for his king;
Yet, ah! deſerted by degen'rate B—G;
Forc'd to oppoſe ſuperior ſtrength alone,
And ſee at length proud *Richelieu* maſter of *Mahon*.

Open'd too late, protracted by delays,
The *laſt* campaign thus ended in diſgrace;
But *this*, 'twas hop'd, wou'd raiſe our ſinking fame,
Redreſs our woes, and wipe away our ſhame.
For this great end, what num'rous hoſts appear,
Rang'd in battalia with the op'ning year!
What active ſoldiers, fir'd by vengeance, wield
Their deadly arms, and pour into the field!
Reſolv'd, it ſeems, to deal ſome mighty blow,
And ruſh impetuous forth to meet the foe;
But heav'n ſtill makes our expectations vain,
And the dire ſcene is acted o'er again:
'Tis not enough *Oſwego* to ſubdue,
Our foes have conquer'd *William-Henry* too;
In ſpite of all our efforts they advance,
Nor can our bulwarks bound the pow'r of *France*.

But oh! what tongue can tell, what fancy ſhow,
The cruel actions of th'inhuman foe?
Faith violate, and treaties made in vain,
Harraſs'd the vanquiſh'd, and abus'd the ſlain!

Like

Like ſlaughter'd ſheep muſt *Britiſh* heroes bleed?
Bluſh, oh ye ſkies! to ſee ſo vile a deed;
Tremble, oh earth! where *William-Henry* ſtood,
Nor dare to hide a *butcher'd* army's blood!
O *Sacrament!* loud let thy billows roar,
And far retire from thy polluted ſhore;
Let the dire marks of hoſtile rage remain,
Nor let thy waters waſh away the ſtain!

Amidst the horrors of this ſcene of woe,
And after all the triumphs of the foe,
'Twere half amends for all misfortunes paſt,
To be aſſur'd this *lateſt* were the *laſt*;
But ah! I tremble, while my boding mind
Thinks what (heav'n knows what) may be yet behind;
What diſmal ſorrows yet our land await,
Tremendous *embryos* in the womb of fate!
Oh heav'ns! what proſpects riſe before my view!
Or do I dream, or is the viſion true?
I ſee the foe victorious from afar
Bound furious forth, in all the pomp of war;
In vain would *Britiſh* troops oppoſe their way,
Like greedy lions, in purſuit of prey,
They ruſh impetuous with malignant breath,
Spread ruin wide, and mark their ſteps with death;
Still they proceed victorious to the main,
And ſpread our ſouthern ſhores with heaps of ſlain.
I hear the cannons formidable roar,
And ſee young *Britons* wallowing in their gore;
Matrons and virgins ſacrific'd to luſt,
And tender infants bleeding in the duſt,
Th'unhappy victims of inhuman rage;
And lopp'd and ſpurn'd the hoary head of age;
Where once was heard the *voice of peace* alone,
I hear the *martial ſhout* and *dying groan*,
And *ſavage yells*, more om'nous in the fight,
Than the foul ſcreeches of the bird of night;

I hear

I hear the maiden-ſhriek, the manly ſigh,
The childiſh moan, and feeble infant cry;
From towns in flames I ſee the ſmoke ariſe
In cloudy volumes, and involve the ſkies;
The foe exulting ſtalk in triumph round,
And ſhout proud *Louis* lord of *Britiſh* ground;
Planted aloft I ſee their banners ſtand,
And wave triumphant o'er a conquer'd land.

AH me! muſt this deciſive ſtroke be giv'n?
Is this decreed? Is this the will of heav'n?
Will not kind Providence reverſe the doom,
And give us better hopes in years to come?
If not, oh! let me die before the date,
Nor be a witneſs of my country's fate!
Or let me greatly fall among the brave,
And underneath her ruins be my grave!

AMIDST theſe ſcenes of paſt and future woe,
Say, *Fellow-Britons*, whither ſhall we go?
In ſpite of all the ſchemes our ſages plan,
Still this truth glares, *Vain is the help of man.*
And ſhould not nations at the lifted rod,
Humbly fall proſtrate, and addreſs their GOD?
Come, then, with me devoutly ſuppliant join,
And, with your pray'rs, beſiege the throne Divine.
" O THOU, th'Almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies!
" Behold our injur'd cauſe with pitying eyes;
" Thy pow'rful hand can ſave our ſinking ſtate,
" Thy voice is influence, and thy will is fate:
" O curb *Canadia*'s too prevailing pow'r!
" And let her triumph in our ſhame no more.
" Thy ſcourge is juſt on theſe rebellious times,
" Nor are our ſuff'rings equal to our crimes;
" Yet, oh, forgive! and, oh, forgiving ſave!
" Nor, ah! deſtroy the land thy mercy gave.
" Turn us, oh LORD! thy wand'ring people turn
" To Thee, nor longer let thine anger burn;

" Convert

" Convert in mercy, or confound the foe,
" And let ſurrounding hoſtile nations know,
" That, though chaſtis'd by thy correcting rod,
" *Britain*'s not yet forgotten of her GOD:
" Then ſhall our guilt no more affront thine eyes,
" Enormous guilt, that now for vengeance cries,
" Inſults thy patience, and thy wrath defies;
" Then, ſav'd from ruin, we ſhall ſigh no more,
" But, happy in thy *ſmiles*, thy *frowns* adore;
" Then our glad tongues ſhall make thy mercies known,
" We'll give the glory to thy name alone,
" And praiſe like ſmoke of incenſe ſhall ſurround thy
" throne."

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

LAMENTED DEATH

OF HIS EXCELLENCY

JONATHAN BELCHER,

GOVERNOR of NEW JERSEY;

AND

The Rev. AARON BURR,

PRESIDENT of NASSAU-HALL.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam charorum capitum?

SCARCE had we heard fame's brazen voice proclaim
Canadia's glory, and our country's ſhame,
The rapid conqueſts of th'aſpiring *Gaul*,
Montcalm's ſucceſs, and *William-Henry*'s fall;
When this ſad tale (ſo blow ſucceeds to blow,
Like *Job*'s ſucceſſive meſſengers of woe)

Augments our grief, as though too ſmall before,
The beſt are mortal — BELCHER *is no more!*

BELCHER *no more!* — how awful is the ſound!
The ſtroke how fatal! and how large the wound!
A wound, *Cæſarians!* ye muſt long deplore,
And know your former *halcyon* days no more.
Yourſelves can witneſs, how his gentle ſway
Aw'd not by *pow'r*, but *charm'd* by *love*, t'obey;
How oft his care the public ſtorm aſſuag'd,
When diſcord roſe, and bold ſedition rag'd;
How nobly firm to heav'n's eternal laws,
With ardor he eſpous'd religion's cauſe;
How, at his frown, the fiend oppreſſion fled,
And monſter vice conceal'd her odious head;
Chear'd by his ſmiles, how miſery grew gay,
And injur'd virtue wip'd her tears away:
How, ever anxious for the public good,
E'en while half-cold life's languid current flow'd,
With patriot-zeal his gen'rous boſom glow'd.
Such was the man, *Cæſaria!* thou haſt loſt,
His people's * glory, and his country's † boaſt;
Such was the ruler, lately at thy head,
Now laid in duſt, and mingled with the dead.
Who can but mourn when worth, like his, expires?
Sure ſuch a loſs a gen'ral woe requires;
A conſcious gloom let ev'ry viſage wear,
And ev'ry heart ſuſtain a mournful ſhare;
Let floods of ſorrow ſtream from ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry boſom heave a penſive ſigh:
Let ev'ry rank, and ev'ry age deplore
The good, the pious BELCHER, now no more.

BUT you it moſt behoves to mourn his fall,
Ye bleſt inhabitants of *Naſſau-Hall!*

* The inhabitants of *New Jerſey*.
† The province of the *Maſſachuſet's-Bay*.

To

To heav'n's kind ſmiles, and his paternal care,
You owe your leave to breathe *Parnaſſian* air;
Kind heav'n by him beſtows the joys you feel
In the calm manſions where the muſes dwell;
'Tis by his means you trace art's flowery fields,
And taſte the fruits which blooming ſcience yields;
By him you ſoar on philoſophic wings,
And drink the nectar of *Caſtalian* ſprings;
Come then, with me in filial ſorrow mourn,
And, with your tears, bedew a patron's urn.

BUT ah! behold another ſtroke is giv'n,
Nor yet exhauſted are the ſhafts of heav'n;
A blow ſeverer ſtill (but GOD is juſt)
Renews our ſorrows, diſappoints our truſt,
And oh! amazing! brings great BURR to duſt.
Scarce has the venerable preacher paid
The debt funereal to his BELCHER's ſhade;
Scarce ſpoke the virtues of a friend ſo dear *,
And o'er his aſhes ſhed a mournful tear;
When the dear man receives his ſummons too,
Leaves us in tears, and bids the world adieu;
The ſov'reign hand of Providence adores,
Submits to fate, and is what he deplores.
BELCHER and BURR, by tendereſt bands ally'd,
Each other's comfort, and *Cæſaria*'s pride,
Two kindred ſouls! ere they reſign'd their breath,
Pleaſant they were, nor *ſeparate in death*.
We, in their fall, two cruel wounds deplore,
The *firſt* was painful, but the *laſt* is more;
When BELCHER fell, diſtreſſing was the blow,
But BURR's ſad exit conſummates our woe:
Before, our ſorrows were too great to bear,
But now we're plung'd in abſolute diſpair.
Though dear to all, though honour'd far and wide,
In good old age th'illuſtrious BELCHER dy'd;

* In his ſermon, at the Governor's funeral.

Replete with years, he to his grave was borne,
Juſt in his ſeaſon, like a ſhock of corn;
But BURR fell early, hardly paſt his prime,
Mow'd down untimely by the ſcythe of time;
While uſeful projects in perpetual bloom
Promis'd a richer harveſt yet to come.
Invidious death! how cruel was thy dart
To balk our wiſhes thus! perform'd his part,
BELCHER approv'd behind the ſcenes retires;
In all the pomp of action BURR expires:
A long day paſt, in heav'nly ſplendor dreſt,
BELCHER's bright ſtar ſat glorious in the *weſt*;
But hapleſs BURR! fate quench'd his lucid ray,
In all the glory of *meridian* day.

LAMENTED BURR! how ſhall I mourn thy end?
My teacher, guide, my father, and my friend!
Muſt I behold thy rev'rend form no more,
Nor ſee the ſmiles thy pleaſant features wore?
No longer ſit amongſt the liſt'ning throng,
Nor hear the heav'nly muſic of thy tongue? ——
Ah me! the cutting thought how can I bear,
That BURR no longer breathes the vital air!
What tongue can tell, how fatal is his fall;
How great *my* loſs, how great the loſs to *all?*

YE *ſacred tribe!* come foremoſt in your turn,
Come, and the venerable *preacher* mourn.
You've oft obſerv'd, with what ſuperior ſkill
He brake the bread of life; with flaming zeal
Oft have ye heard him from the deſk proclaim
Dread *Sinai*'s thunder, and *Immanuel*'s name;
How ſage t'adviſe, how ready to impart!
How kind his friendſhip and how good his heart!
Oft, when falſe light might lead your thoughts aſtray,
His prudent counſels pointed out the way;

You've

You've ſeen how warm his honeſt boſom glow'd
With pious ardour in the cauſe of GOD.
Come then, in ſilent penſive woe attend,
And deep bewail the *brother* and the *friend*;
A *ſaint a preacher* of no vulgar ſize,
Snatch'd from the earth and waſted to the ſkies.

YE faithful *Guardians* of fair *Naſſau-Hall*
Attend obſequious to the heav'nly call!
Come o'er your orphan-charge your ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn it's chief among the ſilent dead.
You long have known him, with unwearied pain,
Aſſiduous toil, nor has he toil'd in vain;
How many, once inſtructed by his care,
E'en now declaim with honour at the bar,
In ſacred eloquence employ their breath,
Or reſcue mortals from the jaws of death!
Short was his ſleep; long ere the dawning light,
He roſe laborious and abridg'd the night;
Roſe to his work, impatient of delay,
And in continual labours ſpent the day;
Then caſt on the protection of the ſkies
The infant college, ere he clos'd his eyes.
Thus did he act the faithful *regent*'s part,
Thus his dear charge lay ever on his heart;
Thus his improvement in the arts reveal'd,
His growing fitneſs for the chair he fill'd;
Where can ye find the man (oh who can tell?)
To rear and teach the riſing ſchool ſo well?
Ah! who ſo well as he can bear the ſway,
And awe and charm the ſtudents to obey,
Or who ſo well the ſcenes of art diſplay?

COME, ye his well-lov'd *pupils*, next draw near,
And pay the doleful tribute of a tear,

His

His death demands it of you; come deplore
The periſh'd bleſſings of the days of yore;
Come and rehearſe in melancholly ſtrains,
How erſt he led you o'er art's boundleſs plains;
How he diſplay'd to view each ancient page,
And fir'd your boſoms with poetic rage,
Or all on fire himſelf, with wond'rous art,
Made *heathen* morals warm the *chriſtian* heart;
How he expos'd falſe error's fair diſguiſe,
Unveil'd bright truth and taught you to be wiſe;
How he explain'd (in plaintive language tell)
The *art of ſpeaking*, which he knew ſo well;
Taught you through *mathematic* wilds to ſtray,
And all their ſecret labyrinths ſurvey;
To trace with *Newton* nature's flow'ry ſcenes,
And rove tranſported o'er the heav'nly plains:
Then while his heart with warm devotion glow'd
The attributes divine inſcrib'd he ſhow'd
On nature's works, and taught you to adore your GOD.
How plain his language and how clear his thought!
With what ſurpriſing evidence he taught!
How, while he ſpake, ſhone truth without diſguiſe,
And wond'rous light broke in upon your eyes!
Your *teacher* ſuch, now take a ſad review,
And next behold him as your *maſter* too;
No ſtern commands, no arbitrary ſway,
But temper'd goodneſs taught you to obey;
By puniſhments as by rewards endear'd,
Lov'd as a father as a maſter fear'd,
Oh with what tender kindneſs he reprov'd!
His very frowns were witneſſes he lov'd;
And when he exercis'd chaſtiſing pow'r,
How ſad the gloom his conſcious viſage wore!
But when he ſpake with ſacred ardour fir'd,
His breaſt with pity to your ſouls inſpir'd,

Deſcrib'd

Deſcrib'd the woes of ſin's perplexing maze,
And the pure joys of fair religion's ways;
The *ſinner's* loſſes and the *chriſtian's* gains,
Celeſtial pleaſures and infernal pains;
Diſplay'd the value of redeeming blood,
And ſpake the glories of the Son of GOD—
Heav'ns! what a flow of ſhining language, fraught
With all the pomp and energy of thought!
How from his lips the ſacred torrent flow'd,
And bore your raptur'd ſouls to virtue and to GOD!
But you no more muſt in his care rejoice,
Nor hear the charming muſic of his voice;
Inexorable fate has ſtopp'd his breath;
His tongue lies ſilent in the duſt of death;
Nor will the grave it's precious prey reſtore,
Till earth and ſkies ſhall ſink and time ſhall be no more.

NOR be the grief within theſe bounds confin'd;
BURR was a common bleſſing to mankind.
Join then, *Americans*, with one conſent,
Join and this great this gen'ral loſs lament,
And oh how great to *you*; ye little know
What precious bleſſings to his life you owe.
Oft, while ſoft downy ſlumbers clos'd your eyes,
He careful wak'd, and ſent his midnight cries,
T' intreat for you the favour of the ſkies;
Of heav'n oft did his humble claims demand,
T' avert it's judgments from a guilty land;
But now your *Moſes* ſleeps, and can implore
Divine compaſſion for the land no more;
No more his pray'rs reſtrain the lifted rod,
Nor ſtay the vengeance of an angry GOD.

BUT needleſs 'tis thus to invite to moan,
Sure ſuch a loſs muſt melt a heart of ſtone;
Behold the dear but breathleſs man convey'd
From his fair manſion to his duſty bed!

Behold

Behold his reverend brethren firſt of all
In ſolemn ſtate ſuſtain the gloomy pall;
See too his pupils in long order come,
And wait upon their maſter to the tomb;
While a long train of ev'ry different kind
Cloſe the proceſſion and attend behind.
As the ſad obſequies advance along,
A ſolemn ſilence ſits on ev'ry tongue;
Each face a low'ring gloom of ſorrow ſhows,
And ev'ry heart akes with uncommon throws;
Each penſive boſom heaves a willing ſigh,
And tears ſpontaneous guſh from ev'ry eye:
Then round his grave in anxious pain they mourn,
And with their ſorrows water all his urn;
His *undeck'd* urn, magnificently plain,
No tawdry toys nor aught conſum'd in vain;
Superfluous pomp abridg'd his will beſtow'd,
To ſatisfy the craving poor with good,
The naked cloath and give the hungry food.

BUT not alone does animated breath
Lament his abſence and bewail his death;
The auguſt *pile*, which oft his preſence knew,
Seems to bemoan her abſent maſter too:
For while I walk along the ſpacious dome,
Or wander muſing through each ſilent room,
The plaintive ecchoes of my ſounding tread,
Methinks, complain, and tell me, BURR *is dead!*
While the fair *Hall*, in gloomy ſable hung,
Seems to deplore the ſilence of his tongue.

BUT whither am I led? why all this grief?
Though great our ſorrow 'tiſn't paſt relief;
Vaſt is our loſs indeed, our hopes are ſlain;
But his are ſated with immortal gain.
As I beheld him on his dying bed,
While his dear ſpouſe ſuſtain'd his drooping head,

When,

When, nature waſted, he reſign'd his breath,
And gently ſunk into the arms of death;
I ſaw th' exulting ſpirit leave it's clay,
And mount triumphant to the realms of day;
When, by attendant guardian-angels nigh
In willing crouds conducted to the ſky,
In heav'nly glories clad, I ſaw him ſhine
In a bright manſion near the throne divine:
There, ſinleſs and diſmiſs'd from all his toils,
He ſhares his Maker's beatific ſmiles;
There he beholds, no more to be remov'd,
With friendly pleaſure the dear man he lov'd.
Then let our thoughtleſs tongues no more complain,
Dumb be our moans and baniſh'd all our pain;
Let ſad BURRISSA's ſighs be all ſuppreſt,
And ſooth'd the anguiſh of her troubled breaſt;
Since the dear man, who once her part'ner ſtood,
Has chang'd this earth for a divine abode,
And lives the life of angels, and enjoys his GOD.

THE UNFORTUNATE HERO.

AN ODE

Sacred to the MEMORY

OF

Viſcount GEORGE AUGUSTUS HOWE,

BARON of *Clenawley*, &c.

Who was ſlain in a SKIRMISH near *Carillon*, *July* the 6th, 1758.

How are the mighty fallen! DAVID.

I.

COME, weeping muſe, deſcend and bring
Thy well-known lute, thy doleful notes renew,
With trembling hand ſtrike each complaining ſtring,
(Thy drooping brows crown'd with funereal yew)
And in ſoft plaintive numbers ſing
The hapleſs fortune of the brave,
The cruel triumphs of the grave,
And be the tribute paid,
The tribute juſtly due
To HOWE's illuſtrious ſhade:
With penſive ſtrains attend his hearſe,
His noble god-like deeds rehearſe,
And crown his mem'ry with a grateful verſe.

II.

COME all ye gen'rous ſouls that know,
What 'tis to feel a patriot woe,
Whoſe country's loſſes make your ſorrows riſe,
Whoſe boſoms bleed when valour dies,

Deplore

Deplore the hero's fate;
And while the muſe complains
And in funereal ſtrains
Deſcribes a loſs ſo formidably great,
Lay ev'ry ſmiling joy aſide,
Let undiſſembled ſorrows flow,
And in a briny tide
Give your ſoft paſſions vent, and all diſſolve in woe.

III.

FROM diſtant lands the hero came,
His heart all glowing with a ſacred flame
By *Britain*'s genius fir'd,
By no mean mercenary hopes inſpir'd,
Nor in purſuit of fame;
But bent on a diſintereſted aim,
A noble aim, divinely great,
To ſave our ſinking country from the jaws of fate.
Lo! he ſpontaneous leaves
The joys of peaceful life,
To try the chance of martial ſtrife,
Intrepid braves
The winds and waves,
And all the dangers of the raging main;
Danger and toil in vain oppoſe his way,
Our northern regions to his view diſplay
Their frightful wilds in vain;
Their frightful wilds beheld him nobly dare,
Bound forth impetuous to the war,
Nor dread the awful horrors of the wild campaign.

IV.

NOBLE without a thought of pride,
And great without diſdain,
HOWE well cou'd lay the pomp of life aſide
(When for deliverance his country ſigh'd)
And fare as meanly as the rural ſwain;

Though bred in all the elegance of taſte,
Inſpir'd with martial rage,
Th' heroic champion well diſdain'd
Th' unmanly ſoftneſs of the age,
Nor wou'd he be a gueſt
Where fulſome lux'ry reign'd;
The *Britiſh* int'reſt all his care,
His patriot ſoul
Cou'd well controul
The appetites of youthful blood;
Content with ſoldier's fare,
He liv'd on ſimple food,
Refus'd the pleaſures of the ſparkling bowl,
And quench'd his thirſt in the pure chryſtal flood.

V.

VICE in our army long had held
Her arbitrary reign,
And guilt enormous with a fouler ſtain
Defil'd the martial field,
Than crimſon ſeas of blood, or myriads of ſlain,
Virtue, celeſtial maid,
Long, long conceal'd her head;
Till, ſhock'd by crimes of monſtrous ſize,
The bluſhing goddeſs, forc'd to yield,
Indignant left the guilty field,
And fled, as erſt *Aſtræa*, to her native ſkies.
But when kind providence from far,
Call'd HOWE, her vot'ry, to the field of war,
There ſhe reſum'd her former throne,
There, in the midſt of arms,
And with peculiar charms
The lovely goddeſs ſhone,
And clad the fav'rite youth in glories like her own.
The fav'rite youth himſelf obey'd
The dictates of the heav'nly maid,

And

And taught his legions to confeſs her ſway;
But vice, infernal monſter, ſaw
Her empire overthrown,
And, by his great example ſtruck with awe,
Or trembling at his frown,
Forſook the hallow'd camp, or ſhunn'd the face of day.

VI.

OTHERS cou'd plan the future war,
Threaten deſtruction from afar,
And make a mighty ſhow;
Vainglorious count a num'rous hoſt,
Of mere ideal vict'ries boaſt,
And triumph o'er the yet unconquer'd foe:
Modeſt though valiant, and though youthful wiſe,
Young HOWE cou'd ſhine in council too;
But he had hands as well as voice,
While others talk'd with mighty noiſe,
The active HOWE was form'd to DO.
How glow'd with love and wonder every heart,
Ye ſons of battle, ſay,
When in each toil he bore a part,
In ev'ry danger led the way!
How did his great example fire each breaſt,
When he abridg'd his hours of reſt,
And in continual labours worried out the day!
Such were the warriors of the days of old,
Such *Cincinnatus*, ſuch *Camillus* bold,
And the great *Scipios* roſe *;
Heroes like theſe extenſive vengeance hurl'd
On *Rome*'s perfidious foes,
E're luxury's perfidious charms
Had ſpoil'd the temper of her arms;
By thunderbolts like theſe ſhe once ſubdu'd the world.

* ——— *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas. ———

VII. And

VII.

And ſo perhaps hadſt thou,
If heav'n had deign'd to ſpare
Thy uſeful life, illuſtrious Howe!
Oblig'd *Canadian* force to bow,
And put a period to the doubtful war:
We fondly hop'd to ſee thy ſword
Deal ſudden vengeance on the foe,
Their meritorious doom,
By ſome important blow
We hop'd to ſee our rights reſtor'd,
And ſhout thee living and victorious home;
But ah! our pleaſing dreams are o'er,
Our flatt'ring proſpects are no more,
Our hopes are buried in thy grave;
Where is the man, lamented Howe!
Like thee to head our army now,
So active and ſo brave?

VIII.

But check thy paſſions, muſe, and tell
How clos'd a life employ'd ſo well,
How brave the hero fought and how divine he fell.—
Behold! with what a noble mien,
All animated yet ſerene,
He meets the ambuſh'd foe!
Warm in his country's cauſe,
And bold as the fam'd *Marlborough* was,
His ſword the ardent warrior draws,
And aims the fatal blow.
Intrepid lo! he ſtands,
And firm maintains his ground,
Inſpiring with new life his martial bands,
And ſcatt'ring fate around;
Till the dire ball, aim'd with delib'rate art,
By ſome baſe villain guiltier than the reſt,
Impetuous penetrates his breaſt,

And

And lodges in his heart:
Expiring with the wound,
Down ſinks the hero to the ground,
And as he falls he cries,
"Fight on my friends, and truſt the ſkies,
"Nor let your courage languiſh, tho' your leader dies;
"No; ſave your country, and revenge my death."—
He can no more.—Fate ſtops his breath,
Eternal ſlumbers ſeal his eyes,
His ſpirit iſſues in a flood of gore,
And HOWE, the great, the good, the valiant, is no more.

IX.

CURSE on the wretch, who aim'd the fatal ball!
And can ye, *Britons*, ſee your leader fall
Alone, and fall in vain?
No; give the wretch the fate he gave,
Let him not triumph o'er the brave;
But feel juſt vengeance for an hero ſlain.—
'Tis done—the righteous ſkies
Forbid the riſing boaſt,
From the ſurrounding hoſt
His crime recoils upon his head,
The deathful lead vindictive flies,
Quick ſtops his guilty breath,
Avenges HOWE's untimely death,
And down the villain drops, to wait upon his ſhade.

X.

BUT thee, dear youth, long ſhall thy country mourn,
With grateful tears bedew thy duſt,
And future ages, to thy mem'ry juſt,
Shall dreſs with glory thy diſtinguiſh'd urn.
Long as theſe regions know th' inſulting *Gaul*,
America ſhall ſtill deplore thy fall;
And while th' hiſtoric page
Tranſmits to each ſucceeding age

B——'s disgrace and A——'s shame,
To future times,
And distant climes,
Loud shall resound thy name,
And shine with honour in the rolls of fame.

AN ODE, ON THE SURRENDER of *LOUISBOURG*, *July* 27, 1758.

Imprimis venerare Deum. VIRG.

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum et nubes regnaque tristia,
Divosque, mortalesque turmas
Imperio regit unus æquo. HOR.

Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! VIRG.

I.

'TIS done, 'tis done,
The day is won,
At length the destin'd blow is giv'n;
Though long our woes,
And strong our foes,
Our cause is still the care of heav'n.

II.

What though the field
Oft saw us yield,
The palm to the victorious foe,
And tell-tale fame
Reveal'd our shame,
When waves can roll or winds can blow?

III. Our

III.

Our ardent cries
Have reach'd the ſkies,
And gracious heav'n at length repays
Our martial toils,
Propitious ſmiles,
And bids us hope for happier days.

IV.

Ye ſons of pride!
No more deride,
Nor vainly glory in your tow'rs;
For to your woe,
Ye vaunters know,
Your boaſted *Louiſbourg* is ours:

V.

Ye ſlaves forbear,
Nor longer dare,
With your bold taunts inſult the brave;
Hear to your ſhame,
The voice of fame,
"*France* in her turn has fed the grave."

VI.

No more forlorn,
Ye *Britons*, mourn
No more regret our late alarms;
In ſprightly ſtrains,
Ye jovial ſwains,
Now ſing the power of *Britiſh* arms.

VII.

No more, no more,
As heretofore,
Shall *Gallia* uncontroul'd deſtroy;
Then wipe your tears,
Diſmiſs your fears,
And give your ſmiling country joy.

VIII.

With heart and voice,
Let all rejoice,
And ev'ry loyal *Britiſh* tongue
In concert join
It's ſhouts with mine,
And aid the triumphs of my ſong.

IX.

In thankful lays,
Firſt ſing his praiſe,
Who deigns to make our land his care;
Whoſe breath inſpires
Heroic fires,
The Lord of Hoſts the GOD of war.

X.

He fires the zeal
Which patriots feel,
'Tis he that makes our ſages wiſe;
PITT feels the flame,
Purſues his aim,
And acts the counſels of the ſkies.

XI.

Britons, 'tis he
That rules the ſea,
He bids it's raging billows riſe:
At his controul,
They ceaſe to roll,
And all the mighty tumult dies.

XII.

His ſovereign ſway
The winds obey,
That ſweep along the watry waſte;
He fills your ſails
With ſouthern gales,
Or ſends the furious northern blaſt.

XIII. The

XIII.

The winds, his ſlaves,
Acroſs the waves
Well waft our mighty ſquadrons o'er;
Secure they ſweep
The faithleſs deep,
And reach at length the hoſtile ſhore.

XIV.

Safe in his care,
Our navy there
Rides out the ſiege in ſolemn ſtate;
While *France*, in pain,
Attempts in vain
To ſave her *Louiſbourg* from fate.

XV.

In vain ſhe ſighs,
In vain ſhe tries,
By force to ward the dire alarms;
By heav'n detain'd,
The fleet ordain'd
To check the progreſs of our arms;

XVI.

But our's is ſeen,
Like *Neptune*'s queen,
The ſov'reign miſtreſs of the flood;
Nor *France* can brave,
Nor tempeſts ſtave,
The fleet that boaſts a guardian-god.

XVII.

Each martial band
He guards to land,
And fires amid the wild uproar;
O'er daſhing waves,
And gaping graves,
Fearleſs they climb the rocky ſhore:

XVIII.

The roaring main,
And rocks in vain,
In all their dreadful horrors riſe;
In vain our foes
Preſume t' oppoſe
The heav'n-directed enterprize;

XIX.

Divinely led,
Our ſoldiers ſhed
Fear and confuſion on the foe;
Amaz'd they yield,
Or quit the field,
And trembling dread th' impending blow:

XX.

The blow at length,
To *Gallic* ſtrength,
By *Britain*'s awful thunder giv'n;
Th' important blow,
For which we owe
Sincereſt thanks t' indulgent heav'n.

XXI.

Then *Britons* join
The work divine,
Come and addreſs the pow'r ſupreme;
In humble lays,
Your voices raiſe,
And ſhout loud honours to his name:

XXII.

Nor let your tongues,
In thoughtleſs ſongs,
Prefer a lifeleſs ſacrifice;
From hearts on fire,
Let thanks aſpire,
Like clouds of incenſe to the ſkies.

XXIII.

XXIII.

" Almighty Lord * !
" Thy conq'ring ſword
" Has glorious but tremendous charms ;
" What mortal dare
" With THEE compare ?
" How dreadful is a GOD in arms !

XXIV.

" What arm but thine,
" Thou pow'r divine !
" Cou'd humble thus the haughty foe ?
" Thy arm we own ;
" Thy arm alone
" Could deal the dread avenging blow :

XXV.

" Of fleet or hoſt
" We dare not boaſt,
" Lord, we confeſs the work divine :
" Thee we adore ;
" For ſov'reign pow'r
" Thine is ; and be the glory thine."—

XXVI.

Nor muſt my ſong
Forgetful wrong
Our chiefs, thoſe mighty bolts of war,
The thund'rer choſe,
To daſh our foes,
And ſave the people of his care.

XXVII.

By martial ſkill,
And prudent zeal,

* *Vid.* Exod. xv. 1—19.

AMHERST

AMHERST has earn'd immortal fame;
Let glory ſhed
On BOSCAWEN's head,
Such rays as grace the hero's name.

XXVIII.

Be WOLFE renown'd;
Be LAWRENCE crown'd,
And WHITMORE with deſerv'd applauſe;
Let HARDY ſhine
In *Britain*'s Line,
And all grow great in *Britain*'s cauſe.

XXIX.

Bold ſons of war!
Who nobly dare
Inſulting *Gallia*'s bold alarms
At length repay,
And wipe away
Diſhonour caſt on *Britiſh* arms:

XXX.

Through ev'ry age,
Th' hiſtoric page
Their deeds with honour ſhall rehearſe;
And bards unborn
Shall well adorn
Their names embalm'd in lofty verſe.

XXXI.

Mean while, ye ſwains
On *Britiſh* plains,
Their praiſe in rural ſongs begin;
Attend, ye fair,
The wreaths prepare,
And dreſs their brows in living green.

XXXII.

Let heav'n's kind ſmiles,
And *Gallic* ſpoils,
Your thankful hearts and tongues employ;
Devoutly gay,
Thoſe ſpoils ſurvey,
Britons, and give a looſe to joy.

XXXIII.

Let cannons roar
From ſhore to ſhore,
Heav'n's guardian pow'r aloud proclaim,
With awful voice,
Expreſs our joys,
And far reſound each hero's name:

XXXIV.

Let *Gallia* hear,
Canadia fear,
And ſavage nations dare no more
Tempt *Britain*'s ſtroke;
But own her yoke,
And trembling *Britain*'s GOD adore.

TO GENERAL AMHERST, Paſſing through LONG-ISLAND.

AMHERST, while crouds attend you on your way,
The debt of love and gratitude to pay;
To greet the hero heav'n was pleas'd t'employ,
To ſcourge our foes, and give our country joy;
Permit the muſe to join the joyful throng,
And pay the grateful tribute of a ſong:

Oh

Oh may her ſong obtain thy gentle ſmile!
While thus ſhe bids you welcome to our *iſle*.

HAIL, AMHERST brave! illuſtrious hero, hail!
Fain would the muſe repeat the pleaſing tale;
Fain would ſhe in triumphant numbers tell,
How late *you* fought, and how *Cape-Breton* fell,
But well ſhe knows, diſguſtful is applauſe
To one ſo zealous in his country's cauſe;
Though juſt, thy modeſt bluſh would not approve
Th' applauding ſtrain of gratitude and love;
Great minds, like thine, from conſcious worth receive
Superior joys to thoſe the muſe can give;
Yet oh! indulge her, while ſhe would make known
Her country's obligations and her own.
Much we're indebted to thy martial ſkill,
Thy prudent conduct and delib'rate zeal;
No wild tumultuous and ungovern'd rage,
No frantic ardor fir'd you to ingage:
Prudence with zeal combin'd your ſoul poſſeſt,
And ſteady manly courage fir'd your breaſt.
Like FABIUS * Rome's wiſe general of old,
Though brave and active, yet not raſhly bold,
Tender of lives, and circumſpectly ſlow,
Cautious but ſure, you gave the deſtin'd blow.
Well haſt thou done, thy thankful country cries,
Well haſt thou done, thy ſovereign replies;
A prelude to the plaudit of the ſkies.

Go on, brave AMHERST, long mayſt thou enjoy
Thy prince's truſt, and give thy country joy;
Beneath heav'n's ſmiles, oh mayſt thou ſtill advance,
And humble more the tow'ring pride of *France*;

* *Unus qui nobis cunctando reſtituis rem.* VIRG.

Glorious

Glorious in arms, ſtill triumph o'er our foes.
And with freſh laurels yet adorn thy brows:
Still ſhine in BRITAIN's cauſe, and may thy name
Grac'd by thy actions meet immortal fame.

BRITAIN's GLORY,
OR
GALLIC PRIDE HUMBLED:
A PINDARIC ODE.
Compoſed on the taking of QUEBEC.

MDCCLIX.

Sicelides muſæ, paullo majora canamus.
Tu regere imperio populos, BRITANNE, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes, paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos. VIRG.

I.

WHILE injur'd *Britain*'s indignation glows,
And in tremendous ſhow'rs
Extenſive ruin pow'rs
On her perfidious foes;
While ſhe the ſword of juſtice wields,
And fills *Canadia*'s rugged fields
With terrible alarms;
While proud QUEBECCA yields,
And ſwarthy ſavage nations fear
Incenſed *Britain*'s vengeance near,
And wond'ring tremble while they hear
The thunder of her arms;
Kind heav'n's indulgent ſmiles,
False *Gallia*'s baffled wiles

And *Britain*'s conquests all my thoughts employ:
Fain would I join the voice of fame,
And in triumphant sounds proclaim
Britannia's glory, *Gallia*'s shame;
Boast heav'n's peculiar care, and give a nation joy.

II.

Oft has the muse, in some soft rural strain,
Bewail'd her bleeding country's woes;
Oft has she mourn'd her heroes slain,
The sword of justice drawn in vain,
And the too easy triumphs of her haughty foes.
The conscious forests heard her tell
By savage hands how BRADDOCK fell,
And sing sad dirges to his awful ghost;
Lament *Britannia*'s slaughter'd sons,
In artless solitary moans,
Join her deep sighs to *Pensylvania*'s groans,
And mourn *Oswego* and *Minorca* lost.
Th' alarming conquest of the *Gaul*,
In *William-Henry*'s sudden fall,
She taught her lute to mourn;
And ere *Ticonderoga*'s field
Saw *British* troops ignobly yield,
She drop'd a tear o'er HOWE's untimely urn,
And when indulgent heav'n
Proud *Louisbourg* had giv'n
To *Britain*'s arms again;
In joyful rural lays,
She sung our heav'nly guardian's praise,
Exulting hail'd the glad campaign,
And bade *New-Albion* hope for happier days, —
But now those days appear;
Events stupendous aggrandize the year,
Strike us with glad surprize and ask a loftier strain.

III. *Genius*

III.

Genius of Britain! (awful name!)
Indulge an humble bard's requeſt,
Propitious ſmile, and fire his breaſt
With thine enthuſiaſtic flame;
Let vaſt ideas through his fancy roll,
Let mighty raptures ſwell his ſoul,
And be his numbers worthy of his theme!
Thine influence *Britain*'s awful monarch knows,
Her faithful earthly guardian * owns
Thine animating charms,
With patriot-flames his boſom glows;
Rouz'd by thy voice, *Britannia*'s ſons
Reſolve juſt vengeance on her foes,
Forget the blandiſhments of peace,
And, kindling at war's dire alarms,
Leap from the downy lap of eaſe,
And lead their gallant troops intrepid forth to arms.
Oh while thy breath inſpires the ſage,
While all thine ardor fires the hero's rage,
May the young bard thine aid engage
To his advent'rous lay!
Be it as ſmiling victory gay,
Tremendous as *Britannia*'s ſword,
Majeſtic as her god-like lord,
Like her reſiſtleſs pow'r,
By limits uncontroul'd,
Like her intrepid heroes bold,
Triumphant as her banners play,
And dreadful as her naval thunders roar.
What though a rural ſwain
Unſkilful be my tongue?
Yet can I ſing, and in no vulgar ſtrain,
If thou, kind pow'r, propitious deign
To patronize th'attempt and animate my ſong.

* Mr. PITT.

IV.

Britannia long indignant mourn'd
Her diſappointed aim,
Her oft diſhonour'd name,
Her gallant troops repuls'd with ſhame,
Her offers ſlighted and her vengeance ſcorn'd.
Triumphant in their crimes,
From their wild northern climes,
The cruel murd'rers of the times,
She ſaw proud *Gallia's* ſervile ſons advance;
While, with parental pain,
She ſaw her own free children ſlain,
Unhappy victims to the pride of *France*.
Dejected on the ground
And deſolate ſhe lay,
While heav'n tremendous frown'd,
And ſhed it's diſmal horrors round,
Without one ſmiling ray
Of joyful hope to chear the ſullen gloom;
Tumultuouſly diſtreſt
With preſage dire of heavier woes to come,
And frantic with diſpair,
She tore her looſe neglected hair,
Aſtoniſh'd ſmote her boding breaſt,
And anxious trembled at th'impending doom.

V.

At length heav'n's gentle ſmile,
When moſt it's vengeance low'r'd,
Compaſſionately pour'd
The animating ray;
Deliv'rance dawn'd o'er *Royal Iſle**,
Deſpers'd th'incumbent gloom,
Revers'd the threat'ned doom,
And gave ſure earneſt of a brighter day.
Now with uninterrupted blaze
That day of glory flames,

* *Louiſbourg.*

Now

Now gracious heav'n diſplays
It's ſweetly ſmiling face,
And ſhines on *Britain* with continual beams.
So ſome black diſmal night,
Without a ray of chearing light,
Involves the globe awhile;
Like that which *Pharaoh*'s court o'erſpread,
Subſtantial to the touch, and ſhed
It's duſky horrors o'er the land of *Nile*.
At length, in radiance dreſt,
The morn ſalutes our eyes,
Beams from the windows of the eaſt,
And darts it's glories ſtreaming o'er the ſkies:
With ruddy flames bright æther glows,
Wide and more wide the gay effulgence flows,
And puts the ſhades to flight;
Till, haſt'ning on his morning way,
Like a young bridegroom gay,
The ſun, exhauſtleſs ſource of light,
Victorious o'er conflicting night,
Looks glorious forth and conſummates the day.

VI.

Auſpicious day! that glorious ſhines
On *Britain*'s bold deſigns,
That ſpreads her conqueſts wide,
And makes proud *Gallia*'s humbled pride
Feel the juſt vengeance ſhe ſo oft defy'd.
Important date of noble deeds!
When all our rights reſtor'd
By *Britain*'s conq'ring ſword,
New-Albion's reſcu'd, and *Canadia* bleeds,
Bound ev'ry heart, and ev'ry boſom burn!
Since with the faireſt fame
Heav'n condeſcends t' adorn
The once diſhonour'd *Britiſh* name,
Bids *Britain* triumph, and proud *Gallia* mourn.

VII. What

VII.

What though we long deplor'd
Our wiſeſt counſels croſt,
Saw with regret our labour loſt,
And the defeated valour of *Britannia*'s ſword;
Since now the ſkies ſucceed
Each well-concerted ſcheme,
And her vaſt conqueſts far exceed
The largeſt hopes the boldeſt thought cou'd frame.
So once with trembling dread,
At *Ai* the ſons of *Iſrael* fled
Tumultuous o'er the plain;
And, while their gentile foes prevail'd,
Bluſh'd at their weakneſs, and bewail'd
Their efforts baffled, and their brethren ſlain;
But lo! at length
They gain new ſtrength,
When, by divine command,
And by celeſtial conduct led,
With valiant JOSHUA at their head,
The fav'rite troops victorious ſpread
The triumphs of their arms extenſive o'er the land.

VIII.

Firſt *Guadaloupe*, by *Gallia*'s ſword
Defended long in vain,
Submits to *Britain*'s mightier lord,
And owns his gentler reign;
Niagara next deplores
Her vanquiſh'd ſuccours, and, with all her ſtores,
An helpleſs prey to *Britiſh* valour falls;
Mean while the foe reluctant yields
Ticonderoga's fatal fields,
And gives up *Fred'ric*'s long diſputed walls:
At length her boaſted guardian ſquadrons broke,

On

On *Abr'ham*'s memorable plain,
By glorious WOLFE's advent'rous ſtroke,
Quebec ſubmits to *Britain*'s yoke,
And crowns the glad campaign.

IX.

Ah WOLFE! the mention of thy name
Damps in my breaſt th' heroic flame,
And gloomy ſcenes far other thoughts inſpire;
Smit by thy truly noble deeds,
Brave man! my conſcious boſom bleeds,
To think ſuch merit ſhou'd ſo ſoon expire.
And ſhall the martial lay
Triumphantly diſplay
Britannia's victories?
And not the fun'ral ſtrain
In penſive moans complain,
When ah! perhaps her braveſt hero dies?
Yes, thou ſhalt now my thoughts employ,
Awhile I'll bid adieu to joy,
And in ſoft miſ'ry mourn;
Awhile my chearful tongue
Shall drop the gay unfiniſh'd ſong,
And ſing the dirge funereal o'er thy urn.

X.

Britain, dear ſhade, indignant grieves
To be victorious at thy coſt;
She mourns thy fall, and ſcarce believes
The conqueſt glorious, where her WOLFE is loſt.
While ſhe triumphant twines
For her ſurviving ſons the *laurel* wreathe,
To martial merit due,
Struck by thy hapleſs fate, ſhe joins
The *cypreſs* and the *yew*,
To mourn her loſs and their's in thy lamented death.

But

But thou cou'dſt not repine,
Thou freely cou'dſt reſign
In *Britain*'s cauſe thy breath;
Cou'dſt act the patriot hero's part,
And bear thy country on thy heart,
Ev'n while it languiſh'd in the pangs of death.

XI.

As once the DECII certain death defy'd,
T' inſure *Rome* conqueſt and devoted dy'd;
As CURTIUS, noble youth! intrepid brav'd
The gulph wide-yawning, and his country ſav'd;
So thou, brave WOLFE, durſt, at the heav'nly call,
Ruſh into ruin's open jaws,
Thus like thoſe heroes didſt thou greatly fall,
Thyſelf devoted in thy country's cauſe.
Long as *Quebec* ſhall rear aloft her head,
Long as her rocks her ſtable walls ſuſtain,
Long as *Laurentius* in his ſpacious bed,
Rolls his vaſt tide of waters to the main;
So long, O WOLFE, thy memory ſhall bloom,
And deathleſs laurels flouriſh on thy tomb.

XII.

BOURBON! thy reſtleſs ſoul,
Impatient of controul,
Has long aſpir'd to univerſal ſway;
Thou wou'dſt extend thine arbitrary rod,
Bid kingdoms tremble at thy nod,
Reign the ſole ſov'reign like a god,
And make a world obey.
Deaf to the ſacred laws of right,
And uſurpation thy delight,
Long haſt thou aim'd, with ceaſeleſs pains,
To gripe *New-Albion* in thy chains;
But the great ſov'reign of the ſky
Saw thy bold aim with jealous eye,

Firm

Firm to his own eternal laws,
And merciful as juſt,
He pitied *Britain*'s injur'd cauſe,
Indignant broke
Thine iron yoke,
Diſpers'd thy hopes like tranſient ſmoke,
And caſt thy pride confounded to the duſt.
What though thine arms cou'd foil
Britannia's troops awhile,
And triumph in her woe?
Heav'n ſuffer'd thee to ſpeed,
Thy vanity to feed,
And aggravate thy final overthrow.

XIII.

Abject, aſham'd, forlorn,
Thy own confuſion, *Britain*'s ſcorn
How art thou fall'n, proud offspring of the morn!
How ſoil'd the glory of thy crown
Which lately ſo illuſtrious ſhone!
While drawn thy lawleſs ſword,
T' invade theſe weſtern realms of *Britain*'s lord
Inſatiate monarch! thou haſt loſt *thy own*.
So, with ambition fir'd,
Once *Lucifer* aſpir'd,
T' uſurp the throne divine;
At length, by righteous vengeance driv'n
From his exalted ſeat in heav'n,
The diſappointed ſeraph curs'd his vain deſign.

XIV.

Thus, O thou monarch of the ſkies!
For ever let th' ambitious fare,
Whoſe impious hearts profanely dare,
By guilty arts to riſe;
Thus let their own invented ſnare
Intangle all the ſons of violence and lies!

But oh! on GEORGE the juſt
Still ſhow'r thy bleſſings down,
Brighten the glories of his crown,
In righteouſneſs confirm his throne,
And be his lawleſs foes all humbled to the duſt!
Already his victorious arms
Fright haughty *Gallia* with alarms;
Proud *Louis* trembles on his throne:
We view the ſcene with glad ſurprize;
But, LORD, the glory we diſown,
Far hence ye guilty boaſts, begone!
Thine is the work, O GOD, and wond'rous in our eyes.

XV.

Still, O great guardian of our ſtate,
The glorious work purſue,
And, while thou doſt our foreign foes defeat,
Our worſe inteſtine foes ſubdue;
Make thy ſalvation, LORD, complete,
And from our ſins grant us deliv'rance too.
O may the preſent age
See ſin and ſorrow ceaſe;
May rival hoſts no more engage,
May nations lay aſide their rage,
And beat their arms to inſtruments of peace!
Haſte on the glorious day,
When CHRIST his banner ſhall diſplay,
And draw his conq'ring ſword;
When all earth's kingdoms ſhall ſubmit,
In willing homage at his feet;
When monarchs ſhall contend no more,
But all with one conſent adore
MESSIAH, *king ſupreme and univerſal* LORD.

AN

AN

HYMN,

Sung at *Huntington* on *Long-Iſland* in *New-York*, *Nov.* 22d, 1759; being a day of general thankſgiving, for the ſucceſs of the *Britiſh* arms. Compoſed at the deſire of the preacher, on his text, *viz.* NUMB. XXIII. 23.

I.

WHEN *Iſrael*'s ſons, a num'rous train,
Once pitch'd their tents on *Moab*'s plain,
Balak, malicious and afraid,
Of *Balaam* aſk'd myſterious aid:

II.

Thus he beſpoke the pagan prieſt,
"*Come from the mountains of the eaſt,*
"*Come curſe the ſons of* Iſrael *nigh,*
"*Come and the* Hebrew *hoſt defy.*"

III.

Balaam the royal call obey'd,
And from on high their camp ſurvey'd;
There thrice he try'd infernal charms,
To check the pow'r of *Iſrael*'s arms;

IV.

But when authority divine
As oft forbad the bold deſign,
He ſaw his folly and confeſt,
He cou'd not curſe whom GOD had bleſt:

V.

"*Nor magic arts can hurt,*" he cries,
"*A people ſacred to the ſkies;*
"*Nor can thy ſword,* O Balak, *brave*
"*An army heav'n reſolves to ſave.*"

VI.

Thus though, in this tumultuous age,
The *antichriſtian* pow'rs engage,
God's fav'rite people to deſtroy,
And dark infernal arts employ;

VII.

Yet ſhall Omnipotence deride
Their feeble ſpite, confound their pride;
Guarded by heav'n the church ſhall dwell
Safe from the rage of earth and hell.

VIII.

Nor *war* can ravage *Zion*'s coaſts,
Defended by the *Lord of hoſts*;
Nor *wiles* infernal ſap th' abode,
That entertains a guardian God.

IX.

Almighty guardian of our land,
We own the wonders of thine hand;
Thou haſt our foes' mad fury brav'd,
Haſt humbled *France*, and *Britain* ſav'd:

X.

To thee we ſtill direct our eyes,
To *thee* who heard'ſt our mournful cries;
Since thou haſt wip'd away our tears,
We'll truſt thy grace for future years.

AN

AN

HYMN,

Sung at *Huntington*, *May* the 13th, 1760; after a Sermon preached to the provincials of *Suffolk*-County, from *Eccleſiaſtes* IX. 18.

I.

IN vain are num'rous *hoſts* in arms
To quell a warlike foe,
The *cannon*'s voice gives vain alarms,
The *ſword* a feeble blow;

II.

If without *military ſkill*
The threat'ning troops engage;
Oppoſing pow'rs, unconquer'd ſtill,
May ſcorn their frantic rage:

III.

But force and ſkill may *both* be croſs,
And fruitleſs *both* may prove;
Unleſs *religion* rule the hoſt,
That *wiſdom* from above.

IV.

Religion, heav'nly wiſdom, guides
The martial enterprize,
And gains the camp where ſhe reſides
The favour of the ſkies;

V.

'Tis ſhe the pious ſoldier's breaſt
With manly courage warms,
She cheers his ſpirits when depreſt,
And fires his ſoul to arms.

VI. Unanxious

VI.

Unanxious for his mortal breath,
Safe in heav'n's guardian care,
The chriſtian hero ſmiles at death,
And calm *enjoys* the war;

VII.

But *guilt* muſt ſhock the boldeſt heart,
Unleſs by frenzy ſteel'd,
Make death more dreadful, and impart
Freſh horrors to the field:

VIII.

Conſcious of paſt flagitious deeds,
The daſtard aims to fly;
Or wounded he reluctant bleeds,
And trembling dreads to die.

IX.

Vice, univerſal in the field,
May blaſt the beſt deſign;
Or ev'n one ſinner, though conceal'd,
Procure the curſe divine:

X.

So were from *Ai*, in ancient times,
The ſons of *Iſrael* driv'n;
And ſingle *Achan*'s ſecret crimes
Provok'd the frowns of heav'n.

TO

TO THE
OFFICERS.

GO, follow *Britons*, arm'd with terror, go,
Aſſert your country and chaſtiſe the foe;
Let *Britain*'s wrong'd but righteous cauſe inſpire
The patriot's zeal and all the hero's fire;
Let *Gauls* once gentle, now inhuman grown †
Tremble at your's and angry *Britain*'s frown.
Gauls, who bely their thoughts with treach'rous art
Smiles on their lips, but *cruelty* at heart,
Go, bid the civiliz'd *barbarians* die,
Victims to vengeance, or inglorious fly;
Make tawny painted ſavage villains feel
The fatal *lead*, and the vindictive *ſteel*;
Fall, by their own unmanly methods ſlain,
And howl their hideous martial *yell* in vain.
May heav'n protect you in the doubtful fight,
And ſcreen you from the ball's deſtructive flight;
Till, to your arms propitious, vict'ry ſpreads
Her golden pinions glorious o'er your heads!
May your brave deeds, through heav'n's auſpicious ſmile,
Advance the glory of fair *Naſſau-Iſle!*
May your gay brows triumphant laurels crown,
Your country's honour and your own renown!
May you at length ſafe quit the dire alarms,
Change the *rough ſcene* of *war* for female charms,
And *play* inſtead of *fight*, each in his ſpouſe's arms!

† Alluding to ſome late aſtoniſhing inſtances of cruelty exerciſed upon *Engliſh* captives.

AN

ACROSTIC.

WHO's this to whom the helm of ſtate is giv'n?
IS't not ſome ſeraph from the court of heav'n?
LIke *Michael* once of heav'n's inſulted laws,
LO he ſtands guardian of our injur'd cauſe!
IN vain proud *Louis*, with deceit unknown,
AMbitious of dominions not his own,
MEans to uſurp the Britiſh monarch's throne.

PITT is the man; 'tis he, with patriot zeal,
IMploys his counſels for the public weal:
THough AMHERST *wields*, 'tis he *directs* the lance;
THe boaſt of *Britain*, and the ſcourge of *France*.

LA

LA
LAMENTATION
DE
LOUIS XV.
Sur les VICTOIRES des ANGLOIS,
A. D. MDCCLX.

LA LAMENTATION DE LOUIS XV.

Sur les VICTOIRES des ANGLOIS,

A. D. MDCCLX.

QUE dirai-je ?
Que ferai-je ?
Pauvre miſerable roi !
Ah ! perſonne
La couronne
N'embaraſſe autant que moi.

L'*Amerique*
Bretannique
J'ai pû piller ci-devant ;
De *ma* terre
Par la guerre
Je ſuis chaſſé maintenant.

Le carnage
De peu ſage
BRADDOCK trop remplit mon cœur
D'allegreſſe,
Sans triſteſſe,
Pour regretter *Beau-ſejour* ;

Bienque perte
Fût ſoufferte
Sous *Dieſkau*, par talion,
Je pris gage
Du dommage
Fort *Oſwego* et *Mahon* ;

Dans

THE LAMENTATION OF LEWIS XV.

On Occaſion of the CONQUESTS of the ENGLISH,

A. D. MDCCLX.

PENSIVE, trembling and embarraſs'd,
What expedients ſhall I try?
Sure no monarch e'er was harraſs'd
With ſuch ill ſucceſs as I.

Once thoſe wide dominions yonder,
Subject to the *Britiſh* crown,
I without controul cou'd plunder,
Now I can't defend *my own*.

BRADDOCK's army ſlain at leiſure
By my troops, conceal'd ſecure,
Fill'd my heart with too much pleaſure,
To regret loſt *Beau-ſejour*;

When *Dieſkau*, in his raſh action,
Was by JOHNSON overthrown,
Soon I ſeiz'd, for ſatisfaction,
Fort *Oſwego* and *Mahon*;

Dans la ſuite,
Lorſque vite,
William-Henry J'abatois ;
Les alarmes
De mes armes
Firent trembler les *Anglois* ;

Mais peu graves,
Et trop braves,
Quand l'aſſaut à Carillon
Ils donnoient,
Et marchoient
Juſqu'a l'ame du cannon ;

Quel ravage,
Quel carnage,
Tout renverſa chaque rang !
Que la terre
(Belle guerre !)
Fût abreuvée de ſang !

Mais qu'importe
De la ſorte
Rappeller dans la memoire
Mes conquêtes,
Car defaites
Ont, helas ! terni ma gloire.

Ah ! ſans ceſſe,
En detreſſe,
Moi, il faut, noyé des larmes,
Que Je pleure
A-cette-heure,
Le deſhonneur de mes armes.

La

When my gallant troops aſſembled
Fill'd *Fort William* with alarms;
Ev'ry *Britiſh* province trembled
At the thunder of my arms:

But when that fool-hardy nation
Durſt to *Carillon* advance,
And, with blind precipitation,
Brave th' artillery of *France*;

How in gore, like floods of water,
Was the field of battle drown'd!
What a glorious dreadful ſlaughter
Mow'd whole thouſands to the ground!

But ah! what avails the ſtory
Of paſt triumphs thus diſplay'd?
Since defeats have ſtain'd my glory,
And my ſhort-liv'd laurels fade.

Since *Britannia* all-prevailing
Still my trembling heart alarms,
I ſhou'd rather tell bewailing
The diſhonour of my arms.

Fortune,

La fortune
Que la lune
Plus inconſtante et volage,
M'abandonne,
En friponne,
Et ne m'aide davantage.

Le tonnerre
D'*Angleterre*
M'a contraint bon gré malgré,
Loin d'en prendre,
A lui rendre
Tout le bien que J'eus gagné.

Choſe honteuſe
Et facheuſe
Ceux-ci rendre quoiqu'il ſoit,
Plus encore
Je deplore
Ceux que J'avois à bon droit;

Mes tranquilles
Fortes villes
Souffrent tous les maux de guerre;
Les outragent
Et ravagent
Loups farouches d'*Angleterre*.

Ils avide
Si rapides
Vont victorieux toujours;
Qu'incapable
Soit le diable,
Même en *arrêter le cours*.

Moi

Fortune, cruel jilt! has left me,
(Goddeſs fickle as the moon!)
Of her former ſmiles bereft me,
And denies the wonted boon.

By *Britannia*'s dreadful thunder,
Spite of ramparts I'm conſtrain'd,
To reſtore her all the plunder
My ſucceſsful arms had gain'd.

Shameful 'tis, that, once victorious,
All my trophies I reſign;
How much more to loſe inglorious
That which was *in juſtice mine*.

Each once happy peaceful city
Falls a prey to lawleſs pow'r;
And my armies, without pity,
Furious *Britiſh* WOLVES devour.

With ſuch eagerneſs they ravage
My dominions far and near;
Satan cou'd not, they're ſo ſavage,
Check their violent career.

Moi, Je tâche,
Sans relache,
Aider *Louiſbourg* en vain,
Et defendre
De ſe rendre
Guadaloupe et Fort-*Duquêſne* ;

Ils enſuite
Gagnent vite,
Ce que fût l'occaſion
De leur pique,
Frédérique,
Niagara et Carillon :

Bientôt même
La ſupreme,
Ma *Quebec* rend ſes drapeaux,
Et ſuccombe,
Lorſque tombe
Le plus grand des generaux.

Ah ! quelle honte,
Fait le conte,
Quel deſhonneur à ma gloire,
Qu'ont pû quatre
Dix combattre
Et remporter la victoire !

Rien efface
La diſgrace,
Et *Quebec* au coup de main
Pas ſoumiſe,
L'entrepriſe
Tombe, tout-a-fait en vain ;

On my guardian care depended
Trembling *Louiſbourg* in vain;
And my troops in vain defended
Guadaloupe and *Fort Duqueſne*;

'Tis a mournful taſk to mention,
How my foes at leiſure won
Crown-point, bone of long contention,
Niagara and *Carillon*:

Without any to befriend her,
Sov'reign miſtreſs though ſhe reign,
Ev'n *Quebec* muſt ſoon ſurrender,
When her guardian hero's ſlain.

But, oh ſcandal! how inglorious,
That ſo meanly *ten* ſhould yield!
When, though over-match'd victorious
Four perſiſt and keep the field.

The concerted expedition,
Far from cancelling my ſhame,
Still more humbles my ambition,
Still more blemiſhes my fame;

Mon armée,
Sur l'entrée,
Des renforts pour garniſon,
Lâche quitte,
Par la fuite,
Tout leur camp à l'abandon.

Encore maître
Bientôt être
Je ſongeois ; mais ſi ſouvent
On me prive,
Qu'il m'arrive
En effet tout-autrement.

Car encore
Plus de gloire
Vient d'embellir les *Anglois* ;
Et plus d'honte,
Qui ſurmonte
L'autre, tacher les *François* ;

En courage
Brave et ſage,
AMHERST prend *l'Iſle Royale*,
Et abaiſſe,
Bien à l'aiſe
Tout l'orgueil de *Montreal*.

Mon empire
Se retire
De deſſous mon ſceptre là ;
En ſe gorge
Gourmand GEORGE,
Le ſeul roi de *Canada*.

Mais

Soon as freſh recruits withſtand 'em
How my daſtard ſoldiers yield,
Leave their camp and all at random,
And affrighted quit the field?

Then I fondly hop'd my loſſes
By my efforts to repair;
But, ſo frequent are my croſſes,
Now, alas! I quite deſpair.

Further cheaply-gain'd ſucceſſes
Britain's glory ſtill advance;
But more ſcandalous diſgraces
Sully the renown of *France*:

Happy AMHERST, great commander,
Triumphs over *Iſle Royale*,
And with eaſe, like *Alexander*,
Bows the pride of *Montreal*.

There my empire's in ſubmiſſion
To proud GEORGE's boaſted ſway;
Now he gluts his wild ambition,
Single king of *Canada*.

Mais J'ai crainte
Que, ſans *feinte**,
Son armée ne s'avance,
Et ſoumette,
Par conquête,
Le royaume encore de *France*;

Ici *maître*
Vrai, peut être,
Il ſera, et quant à moi,
Ah! peu brave,
En eſclave,
Je n'aurai que *nom du roi*:

Ce legere
N'eſt chimere,
Non; car autrefois ſa flotte
Fit ravage,
(Grand outrage!)
Alentour de nôtre côte.

Mais la guerre
Sur la terre
Pas me ſeulement chagrine;
Morbleu! m'outre
Auſſi, foutre! †
Le malheur de ma marine.

* C'eſt une alluſion à l'entrepriſe inutile ſur l'iſle d'*Aix*. A. D. 1758.

† C'eſt un mot impertinent dont les *François* ſe ſervent preſqu'inceſſamment; j'eſpere dont que j'aurai le pardon du lecteur, s'il n'a point de ſignification ici.

Courte

But, what's ſtill more ſad, I tremble,
Leſt ambitious he advance,
(Since his ſhips no more diſſemble *)
And invade the realm of *France*;

He perhaps will ſoon victorious
Rule this kingdom, to my ſhame,
Real monarch, while inglorious
I have nothing but the *name*:

This is no fantaſtic notion,
For his fleet, which has ingroſt
Chief dominion o'er the ocean,
Not long ſince ranſack'd my coaſt.

Nor by *land* alone have croſſes
My once-glorious arms profan'd,
No, I mourn beſides the loſſes
My proud *navy* has ſuſtain'd.

* Alluding to the fruitleſs deſcent on the iſland of *Aix*. A. D. 1758.

How

Courte et triſte
Eſt la liſte
De mes foudroyans châteaux ;
Car Je note,
Que ma flotte
Manque plus de *cent* vaiſſeaux.

Ah ! me ſonde
Tout le monde,
Et ma banqueroute ſent,
Et perſonne
Ni me donne,
Ni me prête de l'argent ;

Il faut fondre,
Pour repondre
Aux moyens de ma defenſe,
Mes *vaiſelles*
Les plus belles,
Et en payer la depenſe :

Pleins de rage,
Sans courage,
Mes ſujets s'etant perdus,
Me mepriſent
Et maudiſent,
Et pour moi Je ſuis confus.

Que dirai-je ?
Que ferai-je ?
Pauvre mepriſable roi !
Ah ! perſonne
Sur un trone
N'eſt ſi malheureux que moi.

How my naval ſtrength is ſhaken!
How my fleet's reduc'd, begar!
Britain has deſtroy'd or taken
Full *an hundred* ſhips of war.

Bankrupt and o'erwhelm'd with ſorrow,
All the world beholds my ſhame;
I can neither beg nor borrow
Money to purſue the game;

Barr'd all other try'd reſources,
(So diſtreſſing is my fate!
Ere I can augment my forces,
I'm oblig'd to coin my *plate*:

All my ſlaves, with empty purſes,
Scornful or with rage inflam'd,
Load me with contempt or curſes,
And poor I am quite aſham'd.

Ah! how ſad is my condition!
Nothing can I but repine;
Sure ne'er monarch's wild ambition
Met ſo baſe a fall as mine.

LOYAL TEARS shed over ROYAL DUST,

OR

An ELEGY on the Death of his late MAJESTY KING GEORGE II.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,

Who departed this Life, Oct. 25, 1760, Ætat. 76.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas.
Regumque *turres.* HORACE.

Georgius alter ovans *ſpoliiſque inſignis opimis*
Emoritur, *victorque* obitum *ſupereminet* ipſum;
Hic rem Britannam *magno turbante tumultu*
Siſtit enim: ſternitque Indos Gallumque rebellem.
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto —
Ille Deûm vitam accipiet divisque videbit
Permixtos heroas et ipſe videbitur illis,
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem. VIRG.

WHY heaves thy boſom with continual ſighs,
Hard on thy heart what dire misfortune lies,
Why hangs this gloom ſad-low'ring on thy brow,
Say, *muſe*, and whence thy trick'ling ſorrows flow? —
— Laden with grief what heart but muſt bewail,
Yet who can utter the tremendous tale?
Oh heav'ns! the monarch, whoſe victorious lance
The nations aw'd, and prov'd the ſcourge of *France*,
Th' umpire of EUROPE, *Britain*'s awful head,
And Britain's glory — mighty GEORGE — is dead.

Dead! — can it be? — muſt *monarchs* too expire,
In whom dread rule and majeſty conſpire,
Below the ſkies to mortals to afford
An auguſt image of th' *immortal* LORD!

'Tis

'Tis ſo indeed — no character can ſave
The greateſt ſon of *Adam* from the grave;
Nor pow'r nor titles, majeſty nor ſtate,
Can plead exemption from the laws of fate;
Ev'n thoſe who, whilſt proprietors of breath,
Submit to none, muſt *yield* at length *to death*:
The tyrant's fatal ſhaft's promiſcuous fly,
And though they're gods, *yet they like men muſt die**.
Now, *death*, indeed tremendous is thine arm,
Now more than ever thy dire threats alarm;
How heighten'd are the horrors of thy brow!
Thou art indeed the *king of terrors* now:
Sure none that *lives* can thine aſſault defy,
None ſhun thy ſtroke, ſince GEORGE *himſelf* muſt *die*.
How ſplendid now the triumphs of thy pow'r!
That uncontroul'd, in one ill-fated hour,
Has from his lofty throne victorious hurl'd
The *ſov'reign* of the *miſtreſs* of a *world*. —
But oh the ſhock! how paſt expreſſion great!
How doubly dreadful to the orphan'd ſtate!
While fame reſounded AMHERST's glorious arms,
And ſmiling victory diſplay'd her charms;
Midſt all her triumphs — oh what tongue can tell,
How *Britain* trembled as the monarch fell?
Old ocean groan'd with melancholy roar,
(Ocean which long had own'd his ſway) and bore
The doleful tidings to each diſtant ſhore.

NOR ſmile, proud monarchs, at the diſmal tale,
Ye who ſo long have envy'd *Britain*'s weal;
Nor triumph in the ſudden fall of GEORGE,
Ye who ſtill ſmart by his vindictive ſcourge:
Or if ye ſwell and inſolently boaſt,
Know, ye muſt ſoon experience to your coſt,
Proud as ye are, that fleeting is your breath,
And fall *like him* a ſacrifice to death.

* Pſal. lxxxii. 6, 7.

But, ye kind princes, generous allies,
Who pity *Britain* when her ſov'reign dies,
Who love his virtues and his name revere,
Come, o'er his aſhes drop the friendly tear;
But moſt ſhould *Britons*, o'er his awful urn,
With deep regret a common father mourn:
Then, while the muſe kneels off'ring at his hearſe
An humble debt of tributary verſe,
All ye who felt the bleſſing of his ſway,
Attend and now your laſt ſad homage pay;
From ev'ry eye let filial ſorrow flow,
Let ev'ry boſom feel the *loyal* woe,
Vaſt as the mighty loſs, and heavy as the blow.

By force their kingdoms cruel tyrants aw,
Pride their ſole motive, their *own will* their law;
They gripe their ſlaves in arbitrary chains,
Smile at their bondage and inſult their pains,
And, as unmov'd, they hear the wretches ſigh,
Obnoxious live and *unlamented* die.
But, greatly good and generouſly great,
The *guardian*, not th' *oppreſſor*, of the ſtate,
Far other objects god-like GEORGE purſu'd;
Juſtice his law, his aim the gen'ral good:
He virtuous joys, unknown to tyrants, found,
And ſhed diffuſive happineſs around;
Acted the truly *chriſtian* monarch's part,
And found a throne in ev'ry ſubject's heart.
Beneath his influence ſo benign and mild,
The *muſes* triumph'd and the *graces* ſmil'd;
Gay *freedom*'s bleſſings did our land adorn,
And bounteous *plenty* pour'd her copious horn.
Such were his works of *peace*; but not alone
In works of peace his royal virtues ſhone.
For when rebellious kingdoms durſt provoke,
By lawleſs rapine*, his avenging ſtroke;

* Alluding to the depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-Indies*, which were the occaſion of the laſt war.

His

His angry voice aloud denounc'd their doom,
And bade the nations give his vengeance room,
(Tremendous preface to the dire alarms!)
And rouz'd at once his gallant troops to arms:
Then bade his thund'ring navy plough the main,
Proud *Gallia*'s bold incroachments to reſtrain,
Or curb the daring inſolence of *Spain*.
Thus great in *council*, nor to *action* ſlow,
Himſelf could *ſtrike* as well as *guide* the blow;
Himſelf a warrior, perſonally brave,
Cou'd execute the bold commands he gave;
His *own* heroic *arm* the ſword cou'd wield;
Himſelf has *fought* and *triumph'd* in the field.
Witneſs, ye regions, where he once was ſeen,
Warm in the cauſe of the *Hungarian* queen†;
Where he ſuch feats of martial proweſs ſhow'd;
Say, how between the foremoſt ranks he rode,
Amid the fierceſt fight intrepid ſhone,
And fir'd his troops with ardor like his own:
Till conqu'ring DETTINGEN's illuſtrious plain
Was drown'd in hoſtile gore, and groan'd with heaps of ſlain.

Twice ſixteen years and more (a term how rare!)
Britain was happy in his guardian care;
But now, alas! thoſe halcyon-years are o'er,
And he muſt grace the *Britiſh* throne no more;
Snatch'd from the world, in this important day,
When *moſt* we need the influence of his ſway;
When *Britain*'s int'reſt, though confirm'd ſo far,
Yet quivers doubtful on the point of war;

† *A. D.* 1743, June 16, when his Majeſty, commanding an army of *Engliſh*, *Heſſians*, and *Hanoverians*, was attacked, in his march to join Prince CHARLES of *Lorraine*, by an army of *French*, commanded by Marechal *de Noailles*, who were repulſed and cut to pieces.

When her allies in hapleſs anguiſh groan,
And *Pruſſia* trembles for her FRED'RICK's throne ‡.
Oh! had kind heav'n indulg'd the fond deſire,
Which patriot love and loyalty inſpire!
Oh had he liv'd, to ſpread fair freedom's charms
Through thoſe wide regions conquer'd by his arms;
To ſee the troubles of the nation ceaſe,
And left his kingdom when he dy'd, in peace!
But heav'n forbids — then be the wiſh ſuppreſt!
By heav'n's decree whatever is, *is beſt*;
Who can direct a pow'r ſupremely wiſe,
Or who'd controul the *ſov'reign* of the ſkies?

WHAT though tumultuous ſtorms of martial ſtrife
And clouds deform'd the ev'ning of his life?
Since he has chang'd this *rough tempeſtuous* ſcene
For a calm region *peaceful and ſerene*;
What though he left his new domains ſo ſoon,
Nor liv'd to rule the provinces he won?
What though he loſt, by his lamented fall,
Precarious empire on this little *ball*?
Since now he greatly wears, in worlds unknown,
Th' *unfading* blaze of an *immortal* crown:
His *death* was *glorious*, though his *fall* was *great*,
Sudden, but *not untimely*, was his fate;
His foes juſt humbled, in a good old age,
Midſt ſhouts of loud applauſe, the monarch left the ſtage.

AS when ſome bold but deſpicable beaſt
Raſhly diſturbs an aged *lion*'s reſt;
Laden with years though ready to expire,
The gen'rous creature rouzes all his fire,
Devours the wretch that durſt his age deſpiſe,
Then yields to fate and unreluctant dies.

‡ Relation is here had to the taking of *Berlin* by the *Auſtrians*.

So terrible in vengeance, GEORGE aroſe,
And hurl'd deſerv'd deſtruction on his foes,
Who ſcorn'd his *age* and troubled his repoſe;
Gather'd freſh laurels of immortal bloom,
To crown his life and decorate his tomb:
Then, gay in rifled ſpoils of *Gallic* pride,
Triumphant, in a blaze of glory, dy'd.

NOR boaſt, that you've eſcap'd the doom declar'd,
Ye foes, whom his unfiniſh'd vengeance ſpar'd;
Another prince of *Brunſwick*'s line remains,
Another GEORGE o'er happy *Britain* reigns;
His ſword ſhall (if kind heav'n permit) anon
Complete the vengeance his grand-ſire begun;
He too ſhall glorious ſhine in deeds of arms,
And fill proud *France* herſelf with war's alarms:
Make lawleſs tyrants feel his angry ſcourge,
And EUROPE tremble at the name of GEORGE.

O MAY fair wiſdom, piety, and truth,
With heav'nly charms, adorn the royal youth!
May he in ev'ry princely virtue ſhine,
And reign the fav'rite of regard divine,
The greateſt prince of his illuſtrious line!
May favour ſtill to *patriot-worth* be ſhown
And PITT ſtill ſtand in honour *near the throne!*
Long may he live the guardian of our laws,
Patron of *freedom* and *religion*'s cauſe;
Then late at length to *nobler empire* riſe
Heir to a *throne eternal* in the ſkies!

ELEGIA

ELEGIA DAVIDICA,
LATINE REDDITA.

MONTIBUS in ſummis occiſa eſt gloria gentis
Hebrææ, fortes ut cecidêre viri!
Sit Gath dedecoris ſitque Aſcalon inſcia noſtri,
Comprimat et vocem garrula fama ſuam;
Quippe Philiſtææ ne ludant noſtra puellæ
Damna, profanâ et *io* voce *triumphe* canant.
Gilboïci montes: vos nec ros nec riget imber,
Veſtra nec arva ferant munera ſacra DEO;
Fortis enim Sauli, tanquam plebeïus, illic
Abjicitur clypeus, ſub pedibuſque jacet.
Haud fruſtra rigidum ſinuavit Jonathan arcum,
Saulus et innocuas non dedit enſe minas;
Sed ſimul hoſtili ſaturârunt arma cruore,
Nec poſuêre, forent ni rubefacta nece.
Vel celeres potuêre aquilas prævertere curſu,
Viribus atque leones ſuperare feros:
Charus amor placido devinxit fœdere vivos,
Nec mors diviſit, quos ita junxit amor.
Iſacidûm filiæ, Saulum plorate peremptum,
A quo deliciæ ſunt habitûſque nitor;
Scilicet hic vos coccineo decoravit amictu,
Et gemmis atque auro rutilare dedit.
Jonathan, in ſummis cecidiſti montibus, eheu!
In bello fortes ut periere viri!
Jonathan. inde tuî nunc me dolor anxius urget,
Quòd perjucundus tu mihi frater eras;
Miro nempe meî fervebat pectus amore,
Nec ſponſam conjux tam vehementer amat.
Ut pereunt fortes, temeratis (proh dolor!) armis!
Heu, generoſorum ſors miſeranda virûm!

GOLIÆ

GOLIÆ CASUS.

STYLO LUCANIO.

1 SAM. XVII.

PERFIDA gens animis atque armis neſcia vinci,
Bella *Philiſtæi* cùm jam ſcelerata moventes,
Implêſſent latos numeroſo milite campos,
*Iſacidæ*que ſuas, detrudere finibus hoſtem,
Struxiſſent acies; dirum ſubitò ecce profanis
Egreditur caſtris ingenti corpore monſtrum.
Valle vel imâ alto montes ſupereminet ipſos
Vertice, et irato perluſtrans omnia vultu,
Paſſibus immenſis mediâ ſpatiatur arena;
Scilicet *Anakidum* patuit genus eſſe gigantum,
Tantum robur erat, molis tamque oſſa ſtupendæ;
Effera conſedit truculentâ audacia fronte,
Infernam et rabiem prodebant luminis orbes.
Tum, minitante ſuâ ſublata ad ſidera dextrâ,
Fulguris in morem que oculis rutilantibus igne,
Horrendùm inclamans, tumido ſic incipit ore:
"Audite *Iſacidæ* atque animos advertite veſtros;
"Sunt mihi ſpretæ acies, teneant licet undique campum
"Agmina, quem vultis ſocium mihi mittite pugnæ.
"Siquis adeſt, veſtrum è tot millibus, inclytus heros,
"Qui, famæ cupidus vitæ et qui prodigus, audet
"Fatum ſolicitare ſuum et contendere mecum;
"Huc modo jam veniat citus, ut ſua membra miniſtrem
"Dilacerata feris avibuſque voracibus eſcam."
His ita jactabat dictis, et talia fatus,
Conticuit. Sed vox, ceu rauca tonitrua, latum
Undique terrifico complevit murmure campum,
Fidit humum ſonitû, et magnum tremefecit Olympum.

OBSTUPUERE animis, ſubitâ formidine capti,
Iſacidæ, ſævi tumidas ſimul atque *Goliæ*
Audivere minas; cunctis jam frigidus horror

Membra

Membra quatit, trepiduſque timet ſibi quiſque ruinam.
Pallida ſpons cuique eſt; pavor anxius occupat ima
Pectora; diriguit circum præcordia ſanguis,
Vincendi hoſtilem nec ſpes erat ulla gigantem:
Territa ſolicito miſcentur caſtra tumultu,
Nec vult anticipiti quiſquam ſe credere pugnæ.

INTEREA paſtor juvenilis, nomine *David*,
Nempe videre ſuos, venit ad ſocia agmina, fratres;
Sed ſimul atque hauſit minitantia verba *Goliæ*
Auribus, ira ſuo generoſa exarduit ore,
Haud mora; continuò volat ad tentoria *Sauli*,
Flagitat et veniam ut dirum egrediatur in hoſtem.
Egregiam pueri virtutem animoſque viriles
Rex ſtupet attonitus, nec fortibus abnuit auſis;
Sed timet exitio ne ſit moriturus iniquo.
Extemplo juvenis rivum deſcendit, et inde
Quinque legit læves facco conditque lapillos;
Tum manet, impatienſque moræ et vigilantibus hoſtem
Expectans oculis, immani mole gigantem
Terribilem donec venientem vidit, et inter
Nubila ſublimi nutantem vertice criſtam:
Rugiit ille ruens fremitu maledicta minaci;
Contremuere poli, pulſatuſque ingemit aër.
David ſubridens atque imperterritus audit
Horriſonas voces, et amico numine fretus,
Geſtit ovans, celerique gradu ſeſe obvius offert.
Deſuper elatâ venientem fronte *Golias*
Faſtidit juvenem. Celſâ velut arce ſedenti,
Magnâ mole viri gracileſque breveſque videntur,
Pygmæis ſimiles, dum infra ſpatiantur in urbe;
Davidis haud aliter ſpecies eſt viſa *Goliæ*
Uſque adeo exigua, ut vix cernere poſſet euntem:
Tanquam formicam, planâ tellure vagantem,
Arduus ipſe gigas humilem contemnit ephebum.
Conſtitit ille ferox, animo ſibi ſiſus et armis;
Haſta fuit nemus, armatique ipſe agminis inſtar,

Lumine

Lumine ſublimis rutilo micat ærea caſſis,
Æthere diffundens radios, ſol alter; in auras
Sublatus, clypei tremulis ſimul ignibus umbo
Fulgurat, adverſaſque ferit lux vivida nubes,
Iridis æthereæ varios imitata colores.

TANDEM vociferans diris ululatibus, ambos
Prorſus ad uſque polos, pavefactum concutit orbem:
" Quis campo nimium temerarius, inquit, aperto
" Obvius audes eſſe mihi? te tamne puſillo
" Corpore poſſe putas oculos eludere noſtros?
" Protinus accenſo, puer inconſulte, furori
" Cede meo, et celeri procul hinc procul aufuge curſu;
" Sin minus, actutum dabis, improbe ſanguine pœnas.
" Nam per *Dagonem* perque omnia numina juro,
" Si præſtò maneas, miſerandâ morte peribis;
" Hæcce tuum trepidans lacerabit dextra cadaver,
" Membraque torquebit valido tranſ-ſidera jactu;
" Viſcera ſpargam avibuſque ferisque alimenta per agros,
" Saxaque fumabunt tepido conſperſa cerebro:
" Fruſtra inimica forent ſimul omnia humina, cunctis
" Noſtra vel invitis erit inſuperabilis ira;
" Sique Deum ſupplex votis precibuſque fatiges,
" Quem veneraris, mente licet miſereſcat amicâ,
" Ille nequibit opem preſſo tibi ferre petitam,
" Aut hujus dextræ depellere vindicis ictum."

AUDIIT impavido jactantem parvulus heros
Pectore, dum cautes rigidas, ceu fulmina, findunt,
Atque inter curvos ſtrepitant vaga murmura montes.
Lucida terribili micuerunt lumina faſtu,
Atque ſevera tuens, contractâ fronte, canorâ
Talia voce refert: " Linguam compeſce profanam,
" Deſine jam tandem, jactator, fundere inanes
" Futilis *ampullas et ſeſquipedalia verba*:
" Te manet exitium; decreti terminus ævi
" Inſtat, et hic animam demittet calculus Orco;

" Ipſe ego, crede mihi, tua ſint licet enſis et haſta,
" Vincam ; noſter enim DEUS eſt qui præſidet armis."
Dixit ; et intorquens agili ſinuamine fundam,
Projecit lapidem ; ſummis ita viribus actus,
Ille volans celeri liquidum ſecat aëra curſu
Stridulus, adverſamque hoſti ferit impete frontem,
Atque per os crepitans ſequitur mors ipſa lapillum,
Vaſta ruit moles ; concuſſi pondere tanto,
Excelſi montes, agri, nemora, omnia circum,
Contremuêre ſimul, gemitumque dedere tremendum ;
Pulvere dirâ diu volvuntur membra cruento,
Tandemque æternâ clauduntur lumina nocte:
Maſſa ſolo prolixa jacet, (mirabile viſu !)
Sanguinis oceano velut ingens inſula rubro.

ON THE

LIBERTY of the PRESS.

TO

Mr. F —— PRINTER, at *New-York*;

A. D. MDCC LXII.

WHERE tyrants rule with arbitrary ſway,
And men enſlav'd reluctantly obey ;
Where fiend-oppreſſion rears her horrid throne,
Nor gives the ſuff'ring ſubject leave to grone.
By power deſpotic be the peace maintain'd,
Dumb be the people, and the *preſs* reſtrain'd :
Free be the preſs, where GEORGE his ſceptre wields,
And a *free* people *free* obedience yields ;
Where ev'ry ſubject claims an equal ſhare
In *Britain*'s welfare and her guardian's care :
A preſs that fears the threat'nings of the great,
Ill ſuits the genius of the *Britiſh* ſtate ;
Nor leſs diſgraceful is a preſs controul'd
By party-ſpirit or the love of gold.

YET

YET long ev'n here did faction rule the roaſt;
Long ſilenc'd writers heard their rivals boaſt,
And mourn'd their country's ſorrows paſt redreſs,
While party pens monopoliz'd the preſs;
Threat'nings or bribes all-conqu'ring pow'r maintain'd,
While truth and reaſon ſecretly complain'd;
And ev'ry patriot wiſh'd in vain to ſee
A preſs, like *Britain's* conſtitution, *free.*

F——— appears at length in freedom's cauſe,
The gen'rous ſons of virtue ſhout applauſe;
But ſelfiſh ſouls of mercenary mould,
Who dread the loſs of their beloved gold,
And guilty wretches ſtill more baſe than they,
Whoſe ſecret actions ſhun the eye of day,
With force united, war perpetual wage,
And curſe the *ſtranger* with malignant rage.
So when the moon, fair empreſs of the night,
On all the nations ſheds her ſilver light,
To none confin'd, but to all parties free;
(An emblem fair of what the preſs ſhould be)
While man delighted hails the welcome ray,
Ill-natured h — ds and ſurly m — ffs bay.

F——, go on; fear not the angry ſhow'r
Of vulgar ſpite, nor frowns of men in pow'r;
Still act the patriot, to the people true,
Yet give to *Cæſar* what is *Cæſar's* due;
Treat with reſpect each *office* of the ſtate,
Yet dare reprove the vices of the great;
Nor fear t' aſſert, *that ev'ry ſubject ſhou'd*
Deteſt bad *rulers, and revere the* good.

F——, go on; purſue the plan propos'd,
Be virtue honour'd and be vice expos'd;

Yet ſpare the *perſon* while the *deed* you ſcan,
And brand the *crime* not ſtigmatize the *man*:
That ſo, if guilt, provok'd to rage, reveal
The ſecret it was ſtudious to conceal;
The conſcious heart alone may bear the blame,
Source of it's own iniquity and ſhame.

WHILE jovial *humour* in your paper ſhines,
Let ſober *ſcience* dignify your lines;
Diſplay fair *liberty* in all her charms,
And far proclaim the pow'r of *Britain*'s arms: ——
Still, ſpite of ſelfiſh mortals envious rage,
Let your improving and impartial page
Inſtruct, reform, and entertain the age.
Mean while the muſe, amid the ſcribb'ling throng,
Begs leave to ſend you now and then a ſong,
At vacant hours your readers to amuſe,
And fill blank paper in a dearth of news:
And if ſuch artleſs homely ſtrains as theſe,
Should chance t' obtain the happineſs to pleaſe:
Inſert them, and indulge her fond deſire;
If not, relentleſs doom them to the fire.

A SONG on the SPANISH WAR.

I.

LOUIS, worſted on the ocean,
In the bulwark and the field,
Feels within a ſtrong commotion;
Vanquiſh'd, yet too proud to yield:

II.

Though he ſees confed'rate forces
Beat and baffl'd like his own;
Yet he aims, by *new* reſources,
To ſecure his tott'ring throne.

CARLOS,

III.

CARLOS, *ah!* he cries, *relieve me.*
Bring thy ſuccours, I implore;
Stript and rifled elſe, believe me,
I ſhall ſoon be king no more:

IV.

AUSTRIA'S *tir'd battalions languiſh,*
RUSSIA *views the war aſkance;*
Pity, SPAIN, *thy ſiſter's anguiſh,*
Rouſe thy ſons and ſuccour FRANCE!

V.

While afraid of BRITAIN'S thunder,
CARLOS ſeems averſe to war;
Big with hopes of fame and plunder,
Thus exclaims the *Britiſh* tar:

VI.

CARLOS, *help your ſuff'ring brother,*
'Tis a debt to merit due;
One good turn deſerves another,
HE LAST WAR WAS DRUBB'D FOR YOU.

On the SURRENDER of the *HAVANNAH.*

A. D. MDCCLXII.

AN

ODE.

WHILE the triumphant ſilver trump of fame
Shouts *Britain's* conqueſts from the *weſtern* ſhore;
While, the delightful tidings to proclaim,
Auguſta bids her dread artill'ry roar;
While each tall taper ſpire a waving flag diſplays,
Loud ring the bells, and gay illuminations blaze;

While

While pleaſure ſparkles in each loyal eye,
  While jovial accents dance on ev'ry tongue;
Gay muſe, thy voice in *Britain*'s honour try,
  For new ſucceſs once more demands thy ſong.
On *Cuba* conquer'd now thy ſprightlieſt thoughts employ,
Repeat the pleaſing tale and aid the gen'ral joy.

In vain two kindred kings, of *Bourbon*'s line,
  Threaten our ſingle ſtate with new alarms;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs their forces join,
  To check the courſe of conqu'ring *Britain*'s arms;
Part'ners in lawleſs deeds, the ſame juſt fate they mourn,
And furniſh double ſpoils her triumphs to adorn.

Of late proclaim'd with ſo much vain parade,
  Where now thy boaſts, ſay, mighty *Carlos*, where?
How empty prove the promiſes you made!
  How are thy threat'nings vaniſh'd into air!
At length, raſh prince, be wiſe; thy folly paſt deplore;
Henceforth own *Britain* juſt, and tempt her wrath no more.

ON THE

PEACE of FONTAINEBLEAU.

quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis? VIRG.

OFT has the muſe her country's conqueſts ſung,
  Joy of each heart and boaſt of ev'ry tongue;
Oft has her voice, in flowing numbers, taught,
How plann'd her ſages, how her heroes fought;
Diſplay'd *Britannia* in tremendous charms,
And *Gallia* vanquiſh'd, trembling at her arms,
While by her arm chaſtiſing vengeance hurl'd,
Far-ſounding frighted more than half the world.
But midſt this pomp of war, theſe ſcenes of aw,
She hop'd ere long an happier ſcene to draw;

Of

Of *laurels* tir'd, she languish'd to rehearse
The calm delights of *peace* in rural verse;
Through happy years her numbers to prolong,
And make the *olive* blossom in her song.
A peace she hop'd, that might, to years unknown,
Prove a sure basis to the *British* throne;
That shou'd award our military spoils,
To recompense our wearied soldier's toils,
And trade promote, to reimburse the cost
Of millions spent, and lives by thousands lost;
A peace no hostile artifice could mar,
Firm as the conquer'd world, and *glorious* as the war.

But ah! she finds, in one ill-fated hour,
Her hopes all blasted like a morning flow'r.
Just when in prospect gaudy visions rise,
And scenes romantic dance before her eyes;
While her gay fancy, with ideas fraught,
Enraptur'd teems with many a charming thought,
And she, impatient for the dear employ,
In embryo-strains anticipates the joy;
She sees the glories of her fav'rite theme
At once all vanish like a golden dream.
Shock'd by the change she trembling drops the lyre,
A shudd'ring horror damps her kindling fire;
Th'imperfect accents faulter on her tongue,
And from her lips drops the abortive song:
Ah! now no more must *Britain*'s weal employ
Her tuneful numbers, *sacred once to joy*;
No more must she indulge the *sprightly* strain,
But bid her lute in *dying* sounds complain:
Now in sad notes must her last song deplore
Britannia, MISTRESS OF THE WORLD NO MORE!
By foes deluded, by false friends betray'd,
And rifled of the spoils her conquests made;
Curs'd with a treaty, whose unequal terms
Check in mid-progress her victorious arms,

And,

And, at th'expence of a defrauded ſtate,
Reſcue deceivers from impending fate;
Whoſe doubtful meaning muſt her ſons expoſe
To future inſults from her faithleſs foes;
At which our allies bluſh, our neighbours ſcorn,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors mourn.

AH! what avail the triumphs of the *day*,
The herald's pomp in gold and ſcarlet gay?
By night the fire-wheels blazing on our eyes,
Or hiſſing rockets mounting to the ſkies?
The *firſt*, but too ſignificant, forebode
More millions ſpent, and garments roll'd in blood;
Mean while the *laſt*, high-ſparkling in the air,
Portend misfortunes, like a comet's glare;
And, with joint omen, both alike preſage,
That we, ere long, another war muſt wage:
But the once decent meſſengers of fame,
The *trumpet*'s clang and *cannon*'s roar, proclaim
No real tydings but *Britannia*'s ſhame.

LATELY majeſtic arbitreſs of fate,
Rever'd and honour'd by each neighb'ring ſtate,
While her brave armies ſtruck the world with aw,
And her dread navy gave the nations law,
Britannia ſat unrival'd on her throne,
And might ere long have call'd the world her own.
But oh! how fall'n, how dejected now,
With all her laurels with'ring on her brow!
Too diſmal contraſt! ah! from hopes ſo fair,
How dreadful the tranſition to diſpair!
Now ſhe ſits humbly in the duſt below,
Spurn'd and inſulted by her meaneſt foe:
There, with her hands uplifted tow'rd the ſkies,
She mourns, and with a mother's anguiſh cries,
Defend me heav'n! when will my ſons be wiſe?

AH!

AH! my dear country! — with infernal zeal
What ſpiteful daemon envies *Britain*'s weal?
What fatal deſtiny our nation rules?
Alas! muſt *Britons* ever act like fools?
Have they forgot already what befel
The league of *Utrecht* and *Aix-la-Chapelle*?
Have they not ſeen, no oaths or treaties bind
Our faithleſs foes, thoſe plagues of human kind?
Or know they not, ſuperior pow'r alone
Can peace ſecure, and guard the *Britiſh* throne?
Then why to vanquiſh'd foes their ſtrength reſtore,
Till all their inſolence can demand no more?
Couch'd in *French* phraſe, t' indulge a vanquiſh'd foe,
Muſt this be ſtyl'd the peace of *Fontainebleau*?
To *France* muſt *Bedford* at *their* nod repair,
Who joſtle *Britons* from the palace there*?
Good GOD! muſt we, though ſov'reigns of the waves,
Victorious thus ignobly *ſtoop* to ſlaves?
Heav'ns! can it be? oh the dire thought will tear
My heart aſunder; 'tis too much to bear.
Peace is a curſe, on ſuch inglorious terms,
And life itſelf has loſt it's nobleſt charms:
Oh! when th' *Atlantic*, in tremendous form,
Rag'd furious, had I periſh'd in the ſtorm†!
Or when ſoon after *Britiſh* martial fire
Made hoſtile daſtards tremble and retire;
Oh had I fallen on the deck of fame†,
Nor liv'd a witneſs of my country's ſhame!

GREAT PITT, illuſtrious ſenator, of late
The boaſted guardian of the *Britiſh* ſtate,
With patriot ardour quits his bed in vain,
His joints all aching with *arthritic* pain,

* The author was, ſoon after the peace, with ſeveral other *Engliſh* gentlemen, ſeveral times expelled the *French* court at *Verſailles*, with theſe remarkable words, OTEZ VOUS ANGLOIS.

† Alluding to two engagements with the enemy, in one of which the author was *wounded*, and very near being killed by a *nine pound ſhot*, in his paſſage from *America*, in the year 1762.

T' oppose a peace more pregnant with remorse,
Than the dire fabric of the Trojan horse:
In vain he combats each obnoxious clause,
Th' undaunted champion of his country's cause;
In vain sagacious scribes their pens employ,
To point out wiles like those which ruin'd *Troy*;
For though forewarn'd, we stupidly pursue
Pernicious measures, which we soon must rue:
A pow'rful *junto*, resolute and bold,
Maintain their point, and *Britain* must be sold.

O GEORGE! once far beyond thy grandsire great,
Thou best-lov'd monarch of a drooping state;
Thou *Briton* born! *Britannia*'s gracious head!
How hast thou been by counsellors misled?
Th' unhappy fate of princes; oh excuse
The patriot freedom of the loyal muse!
Oh! frown not on her; but forgive her strain,
Who to her king wou'd speak her country's pain.
Oh! if thou yet hast heard *Britannia*'s groans,
In royal mercy listen to her moans!
And, though too late to lend her timely aid,
Yet pity *Britain* by her sons betray'd!
For had thy royal virtues rul'd alone,
If no false courtiers had beset thy throne;
Our foes had never such advantage gain'd,
Thy people murmur'd, nor the muse complain'd.

UNHAPPY *Britain!* beggar'd by the peace,
She sees each month her miseries increase.
Already feeble and impoverish'd grown,
While *wily placemen*, that infest the throne,
Find means t' exclude the *virtuous and sincere*,
Left her complaints shou'd reach the royal ear,
Beneath the burden of *excise* she bends,
To furnish *pensions* to enrich *their friends*;
While her brave *soldiers*, hobb'ling from afar,
Fatigu'd, *worn-out*, and *mangled* by the war,

Quite

Quite diſregarded, deſtitute and poor,
Muſt *rob*, or *ſtarve*, or beg from door to door.
Meanwhile her *artiſts*, unemploy'd at home,
From native ſhores to foreign kingdoms roam;
Oblig'd (hard lot!) to earn the bread they eat,
By rearing rivals to the *Britiſh* fleet.
Beſides proud *France*, indulg'd a right to plod
On em'lous ſchemes among the ſhoals of Cod,
Shall ſoon a branch of fruitful commerce mar,
And breed up ſea-men for a future war:
And while the treaty more than half reſigns
A fund far richer than *Peruvian* mines,
She'll ſoon defraud us of the *golden fleece* *,
With her new navy ſee her wealth increaſe,
And rival *Britain* both in *war* and *peace*.

Nor, midſt my ſorrows, muſt thy hapleſs lot,
Dear native land, *New-Albion*, be forgot;
Ah no; if I forget thee in my ſong,
Let to my palate cleave my faulty tongue!
Let my right-hand forget to touch the lyre,
Nor glow my boſom with poetic fire!
What though the two contracting nations join
Canadia's rugged provinces to thine?
What though thou ſeeſt, ſubdu'd to *Britain*'s lore,
Another people added to thy ſcore?
They will one day perfidious rebels prove,
Steady and loyal to the prince they love;
Then thou alas! ſhalt to thy coſt be wiſe,
And find them ſerpents in a fair diſguiſe;
Like that which tempted *Eve*, they'll ſoon begin,
To tempt th' inhuman *ſavages* to ſin;
Then death ſhall ravage, though the war be o'er,
And thy frontiers ſtill ſmoke with kindred gore.
But when proud *France*, grown pow'rful on the main,
Shall em'lous try the chance of war again;
Then *Martinique* and *Guadaloupe* reſtor'd,
By the late treaty, to their former lord,

* The woollen manufacture.

Thoſe dens of thieves, by endleſs captures made;
With double fury ſhall diſtreſs thy trade:
Mean while (I ſhudder at the horrid thought!)
That brood of vipers to thy boſom brought,
Shall num'rous ſwarm, in ſome unguarded hour,
Tear out thy intrails, and thy life devour.

Havannah! oh! thou key to *Spaniſh* gold!
Thou grave of *Britons!* how haſt thou been ſold?
How art thou barter'd! not for fertile lands,
But *Florida*'s inhoſpitable ſands.
Treaſures immenſe are thus exchang'd for nought,
And with a *diamond* a poor *pebble* bought:
While, all our forts demoliſh'd on the main *,
Our brethren there ſhall ſoon once more complain,
Of the oft-ſuffer'd inſolence of *Spain*.

Oh ſhame to *Britain!* oh inglorious peace!
That bids our conqueſts not our injuries, ceaſe;
To our beſt intereſt more pernicious far
Than all the horrors of ſucceſsful war;
That caſts in ſhades our country's late renown,
And veils the glories of the *Britiſh* crown.
So have I ſeen the monarch of the day
Set out all-glorious on the morning way:
Still higher as his flaming chariot roll'd,
Still more illuſtrious ſhone his beamy gold,
Till he had gain'd the ſummit of the ſkies,
And flaſh'd reſiſtleſs ſplendor on my eyes;
When, like an envious queen, the duſky moon
Spreads a black veil o'er all the blaze of noon;
O'er his bright orb her dire portentous hurl'd,
Caſts a dark ſhadow on this diſtant world:
Darkneſs o'er light untimely empire gains,
And at mid-day unwelcome midnight reigns:
With grief mankind the diſmal change ſurvey,
And mourn the loſs of interrupted day.

* In the bay of *Honduras*, &c.

When

Warn ſuch th' eclipſe, ſoon will the gloom be o'er;
Soon will the ſun the [illegible] ſhade;
Soon will his orb emerging gild the ſkies,
And with new glories brighten all the ſkies;
But ah! the gloom o'er *Britain's* glory caſt
Shall ſtill unchang'd through future ages laſt;
And her, *once* glorious, *now* diſhonour'd name
Wear the foul blot of everlaſting ſhame:
While the dire league, each neighb'ring nation's ſcorn,
Shall prove the curſe of *Britain* yet unborn.

In vain has heav'n in *Britain's* cauſe engag'd;
An eight years' war in vain has *Britain* wag'd;
In vain her marſhal'd armies trod the plain,
Her thund'ring navy plough'd the deep in vain;
In vain her ſages, in deliberate thought,
Plann'd all the glorious works of wonder wrought;
Her ſons in vain their golden treaſures ſhed,
Her *artiſts* labour'd and her *heroes* bled;
If we, like children fooliſh in their play,
Throw dear-bought conqueſts wantonly away;
Imprudently neglect th' advantage giv'n,
And ſlight the favours of indulgent heav'n.

Illuſtrious ſhades! immortal heroes dead!
Who in our battles unreluctant bled;
Who brav'd intrepid ruin's open jaws,
And nobly periſh'd in your country's cauſe,
Ah! did ye ſee, juſt like ſome worthleſs clod,
Reſtor'd rich iſlands, purchas'd by your blood,
Th' ungrateful ſcene, that ſhou'd your thoughts employ,
Muſt almoſt make a pauſe ev'n in *Elyſian* joy.

Ye fawning ſycophants! abſurdly bold,
Who ſpeak for int'reſt, and who write for gold;
Ye hirelings! liſten to the muſes' ſong,
And heed the truths of her prophetic tongue.

Ere

Ere twice five years, indignant, shall have run,
Th' unweary'd sun shall [illegible] face,
Again proud *Louis*, [illegible]
By the last conquests of the [illegible]
Strengthen'd anew, shall [illegible] to arms,
And trouble *Britain*'s peace with fresh alarms;
Then all anew the flames of war shall burn,
And *France* perhaps shall conquer in her turn;
Then shall ye know, in an ill-fated hour,
Britain's not safe, so long as *France* has pow'r;
Then shall your sons, alas! too late, complain,
Crush'd by the tyger leagu'd from his chain,
Detest what now each paradise admires,
And suffering curse the folly of their sires.

Fain won'd the muse the difmal tale purfue;
But oh! she sickens at the fine review;
Such floods of anguish overwhelm her soul,
She can't repeat the melancholly whole;
But, these few tears shed o'er a sinking state,
Drops her sad strain, and leaves the rest to fate.

FINIS.